

# Life

January 18, 1929  
Price 15 cents



RATHER UNCALLED FOR



# THE NEW FLEETWOODS

*The Ultimate in Luxurious Coachcraft*

*With justifiable pride General Motors invites your consideration of the new Fleetwoods—the most luxurious motor-coachcraft that has ever been offered an increasingly exacting public.*

*These new Fleetwoods, which can be had only on Cadillac and La Salle chassis, are specifically designed and built for that clientele which demands coachwork precisely interpreting its own exclusive conceptions in respect of color, trim, hardware, upholstery and special appointment.*

*It was for this express purpose that General Motors acquired not only the plant and properties of the Fleetwood Body Corporation but also the services of those Fleetwood craftsmen whose affectionate labor—inspired by the ideals and traditions of generations of Fleetwood master artisans—has for long years produced special custom bodies surpassing anything else the world has to offer.*

*In the production of these de luxe Cadillac-La Salle Fleetwoods the purchaser may avail himself at any time of the counsel of professional motor coach designers who aid him precisely as the architect and interior decorator advise him in the construction, decoration and furnishing of his home.*

*These exclusive Fleetwoods are now available in twenty-two exquisite models, many of which are on display in Cadillac-La Salle showrooms of the larger cities throughout the country, the Cadillac-La Salle Salon, Palm Beach, Florida. And at our Salon and Studios, 10 East 57th Street, New York.*

FLEETWOOD BODY CORPORATION  
UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

# *A Distinguished Symbol of Social Prestige*

You have only to pause where the smartest people congregate, you have only to check the social register, and you will inevitably discover a preponderance of Cadillacs and La Salles . . . The simple, bald fact about this is that men and women who know motor cars know too that if they want to ride and drive as Cadillac-La Salle ride and drive they must eliminate every other car from consideration . . . For the truth of all truths about Cadillac-La Salle—and something that you know full well—is just this: it is *because* of inherent and surpassing excellence that there is no substitute for the priceless possession and prestige of a Cadillac-built car . . . De luxe Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork render La Salle—with the single exception of Cadillac itself—the most luxurious motoring in the world . . . La Salle is priced from \$2295 to \$2875 f.o.b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

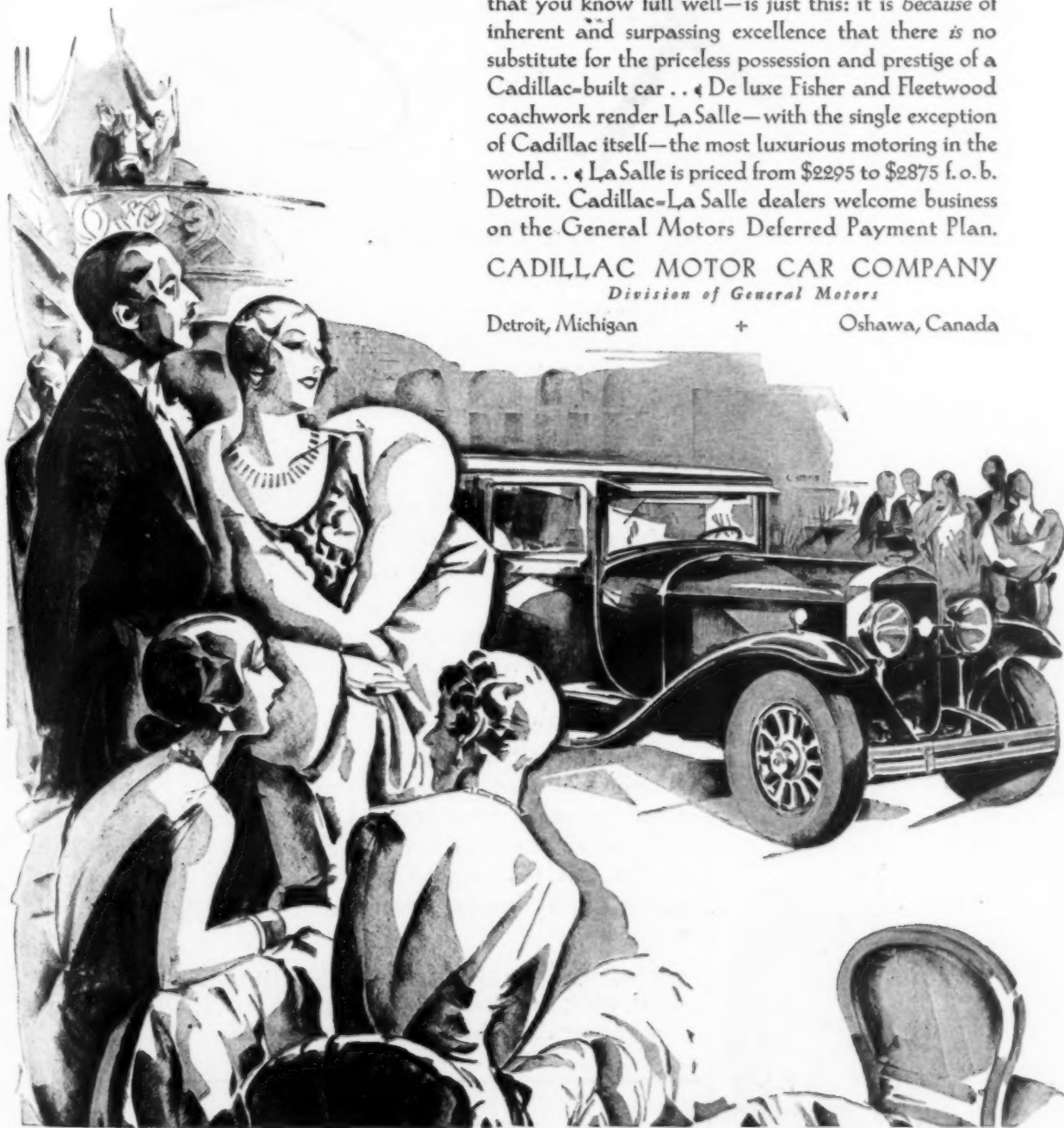
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

*Division of General Motors*

Detroit, Michigan

+

Oshawa, Canada



# LA SALLE



# Boy! page Will Rogers



## *Dunlop takes the Bunk out of Tire Guarantees*

WILL ROGERS and his Anti-Bunk Party (the party of the first part) will be glad to know that Dunlop has antiqued all guarantees.

With each Dunlop Tire, the buyer now gets a Surety Bond that is backed by Dunlop AND the American Surety Company.



It contains no *prima facie*—not even an *anno domini*. It says in good old Oklahoma English:

If your tire goes sour within 12 months Dunlop will be the goat.

Or putting it another way: If your tire goes fluey within a year, Dunlop will stand the gaff.

It covers almost everything except a few cases like your tires being eaten up by a hippopotamus. For instance, it specifically covers your tires against accident, collision, blow-out, mis-alignment, stone-bruise, road-cuts, rim-smash, side-wall injuries, tube-pinching, valve-tearing, faulty toe-in, under-inflation.

If any of these catastrophes catast, your dealer fixes your tires free, or . . . if he can't re-

pair them . . . he gives you a new tire at a reduced price (depending on how many months you have worn the old one).

Over 3000 Dunlop dealers now offer this Surety Bond. Just as soon as they get around to it, it will be offered by all Dunlop dealers all the way across the U. S. A., from Jimmy Walker's village to the burg that Will Rogers mayored.

Any tire-maker can proclaim that his tires are "the best tires made." But, Dunlop says it with a Surety Bond.

# DUNLOP

THE TIRE WITH THE SURETY BOND





# Life



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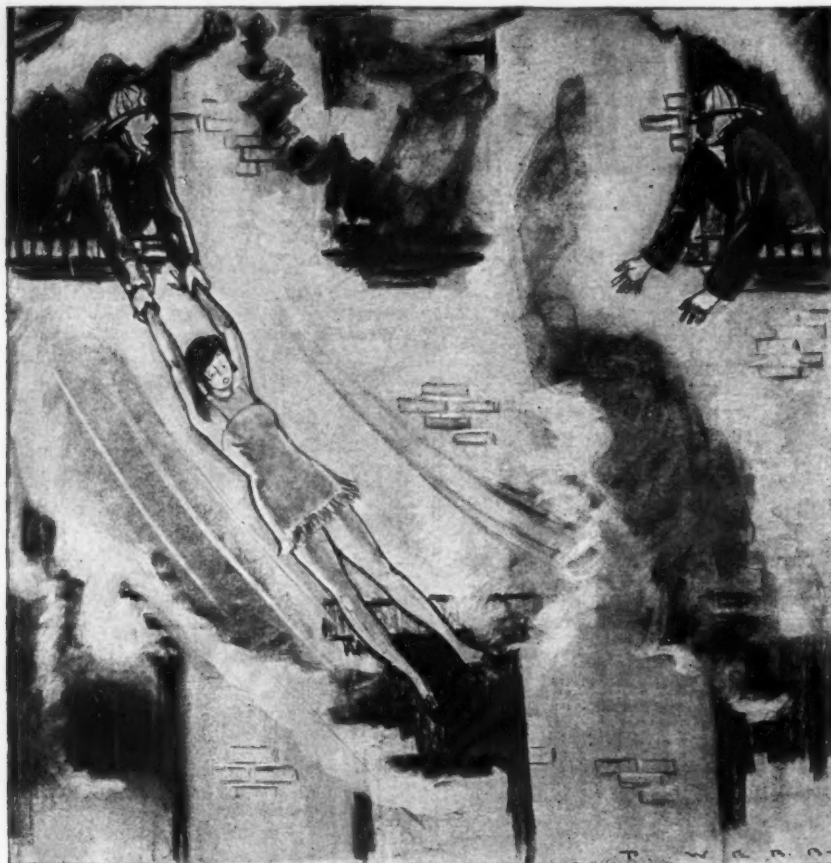
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board

NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor  
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer



Why Not Adopt the Football Numbering System on Opening Nights?



"Take this one for me, willya, Joe—my wife's standing down there in the crowd."

#### UNDERSTANDING

"You are the only man I have ever met who really understood me," she told him, with a kiss.

\* \* \*

"I wish you wouldn't always try to analyze me," she cried, hurling the coffee pot at his head.

THERE is nothing timid about the talkies, they squeak for themselves.

THE best way to tell a woman's age is a mistake.

THEY laughed at me when I sat down at the piano in my favorite speakeasy. And you can imagine my embarrassment when I discovered I didn't have a nickel.

To the *American Mercury* every knock is an article.

#### Gone

No more can we laugh at our own little jokes,  
Nor grin at the foibles of all other folks;  
No more can we smile as the world rolls by,—  
Cause, baby, you've married another guy!

No more will you weep, hon, when life treats me wrong,  
Nor sob a wee bit when the band plays our song.

No more will I comfort you when you cry,—  
Cause, baby, you've married another guy!

#### PERFECT VISIBILITY

STUDE: I thought you promised to wear my frat pin constantly.

CO-ED: Are you blind? It's right there on my garter.

CONGRESSMAN: Are you in favor of light wines and beer?

SENATOR: Naw, let's have something a little stronger tonight!



"Gee! I'm so hungry, I could eat a sandwich man."

# THE MOVIE EXTRA'S LAMENT

DOUBLE, double, toil and double.

"So Helene is playing the shy, demure young thing now?"

"Yes, and her grandmother's trying to teach her to blush."

## Love's Logic

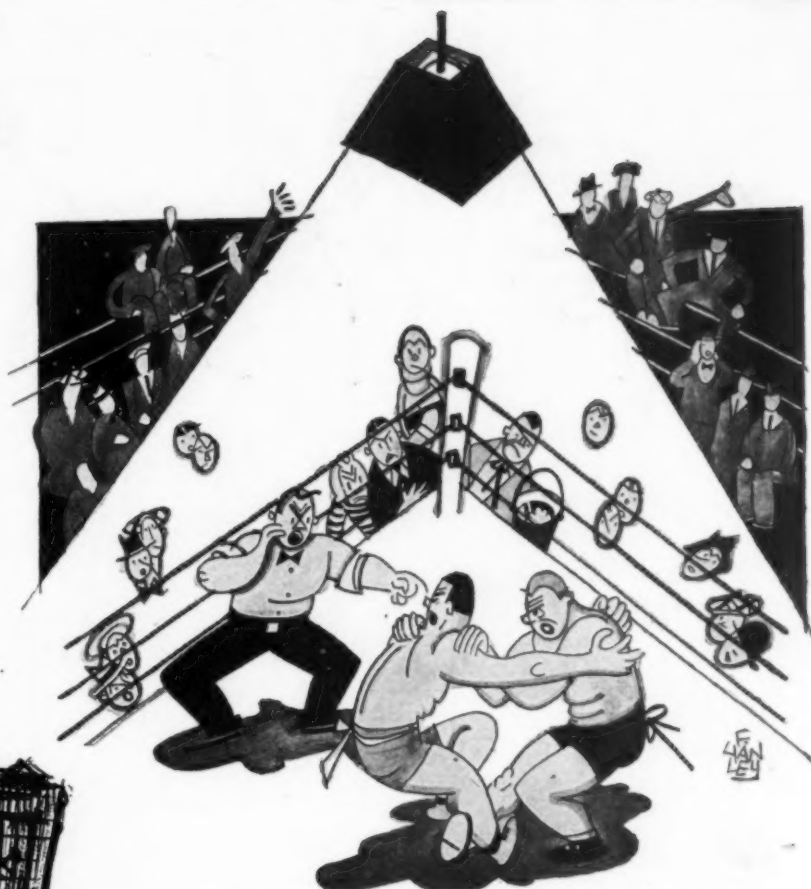
He liked her for the way she flirted, for the trick she had of curling her lips into an irresistible pout, for the little pleated skirts she wore that showed her dimpled knees, for the way she whispered: "darling boy."

So eventually they were married.

\*\*\*

He divorced her for the way she flirted, for the trick she had of curling her lips into an irresistible pout, for the little pleated skirts.....

HAVE you heard the story of the Scotchman whose wife asked him for a talking machine, so he moved to a hill side with an echo?



REFeree: Say, this is a fight, not a wrestling match!  
"Yeh—well we changed our minds; we've decided to be wrestlers."



"Good-bye, dear, hope you have a safe crossing."

## Economics

"SHINE 'em dark, Gus."

"O. K., boss."

"How's business?"

"He's onna bum. Too mucha rain, too mucha snow. Nobody wants getta shoe shine when feet alla wet."

"That's too bad, Gus."

"Aw, don' maka no diff. I'ma glada no work so hard. Work is a lotta bunk. Only maka fella die more quick."

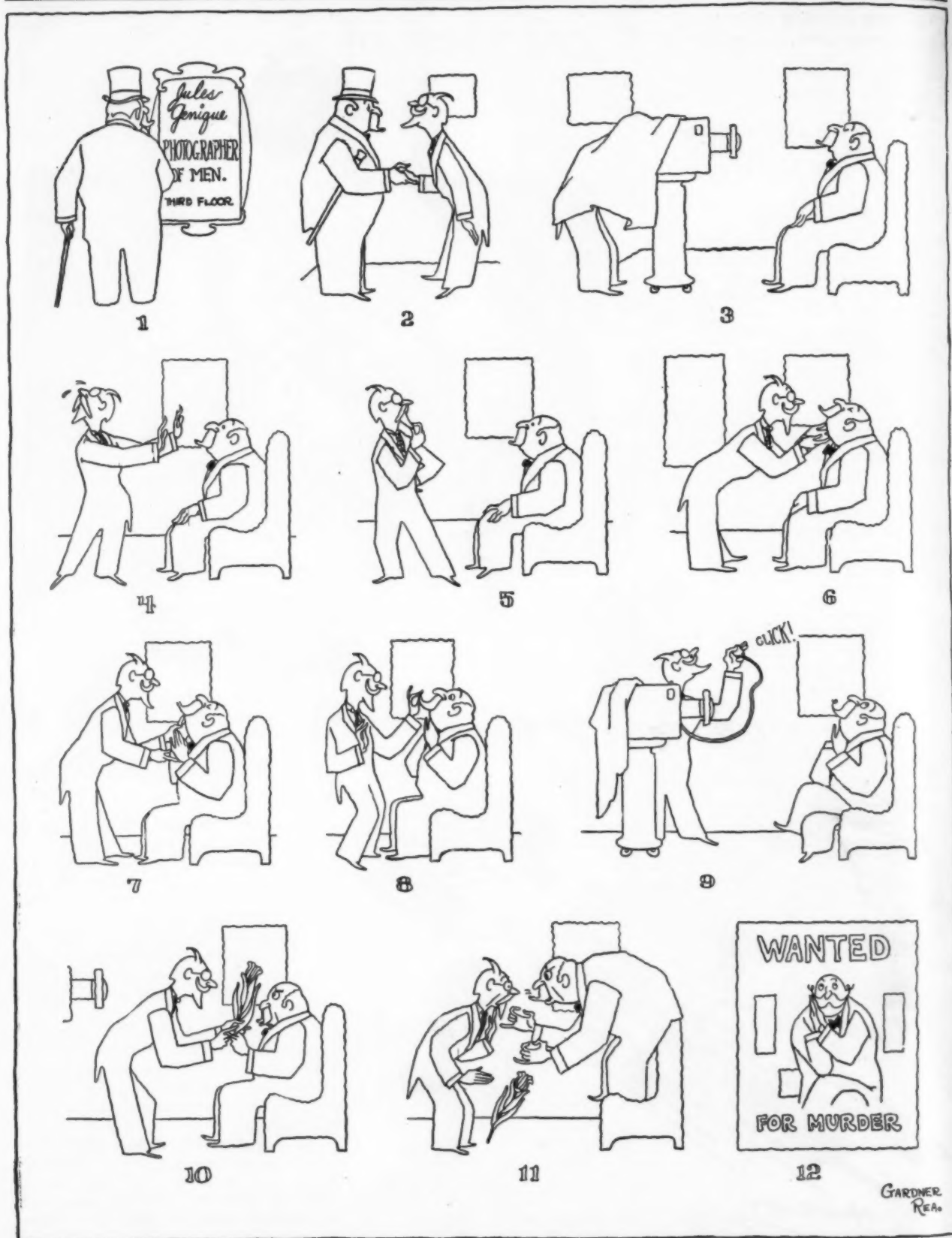
"Well, that's right."

"Sure t'ing is right. When business good, worka very hard. Getta lotta money. Wife she go craz'. Blow mucha money. Buya clothes an' lotta junk."

"You mean the more you earn the more she spends?"

"You speaka face full, boss. When is all over, I'm jus' where I starta from—only gotta bum back from too much stoopa over and shina shoes. Better for me when business is shoota to piece.....Wanna putta in new laces, boss?"





The "Art" Photo



# Short Stories of Life



## Seascape

By Eric Hatch



PETER SESSELENDEN's motor boat coughed twice. In the bow Peter Sesselenden made noises. He too might have been coughing twice. The engine stopped. He turned to his nephew at the wheel.

"Willie, what's the trouble?"

"The damn thing's stopped."

From where she lay on a cushion in the stern, Eloise Brown gave Willie a look.

"No!" she said.

"Yes," said Willie Sesselenden. "I think something's the matter with it."

Eloise Brown looked at the waves. There was that in her eyes that made Peter Sesselenden make noises again. He had seen that look before, the day his first wife had caught him trying to make tomato soup in the percolator. He knew what the look meant and he liked the way of it. For two months he'd been plotting a system for making his nephew "tie a can to this Eloise girl," as he put it. He had failed. "Now," he chuckled to himself, "I have made the mountain come to Mohammed." He turned to his nephew: "Willie, for heaven's sake fix the thing. We'll be out here all night if you don't. Heh, heh, that would be very uncomfortable for Eloise."

Willie began doing things. He tried cranking. He took off the carburetor. Peter Sesselenden got interested. He put the carburetor on again. He put it on backwards. Willie took it off and put half

of it back on. His Uncle sat on the other half. Willie didn't know this. Neither did Eloise. She said:

"For Pete's sake, snap into it. It's getting late."

Willie took off the distributor and didn't see his Uncle snitch the lug and stick it in his pocket. Eloise said:

"Of all the plumbers I ever saw, Willie Sesselenden, you head the guild."

Willie turned to her. He said:

"Shut up before I crack you one."

Uncle Peter got coughing again.

By ten o'clock that night the engine had become an unidentifiable mass. So had Willie. By eleven, the ground swell had scored heavily against Eloise.

When dawn came over the Sound, Peter Sesselenden lay in the bows sleeping the sleep of a happy baby. He had dreamed such nice dreams of a world where his nephew wasn't trying to marry a dancer—a rotten dancer, too—with a penchant for caviar. As he recalled in his dream the caviar, the thought came to him that it had taken time but he'd gotten back at her about that, anyway.

He awoke with a sense of well being and opened his eyes. He saw Eloise sitting erect, staring over the port gunwale. He looked away. Then he saw his nephew—white, haggard, staring to starboard. He wondered if he had been over-drastring.

He looked at his watch—his yacht

would be along any minute now. There was a smudge astern that was probably she. He felt it was time he said a few words to these young people, closing the incident in the true Sesselenden manner. He coughed. Neither of them stirred. He said: "Hm-mm-mm." Not a move answered him.

"My nephew Willie," he began; "and Eloise. You didn't know it, but the reason we got stuck was because we had no gas. Heh, heh, the reason we had no gas was because I let it out. What do you think of that?"

Apparently Eloise didn't think much of it. Willie looked a vendetta and went on staring at the sea. Uncle Peter continued.

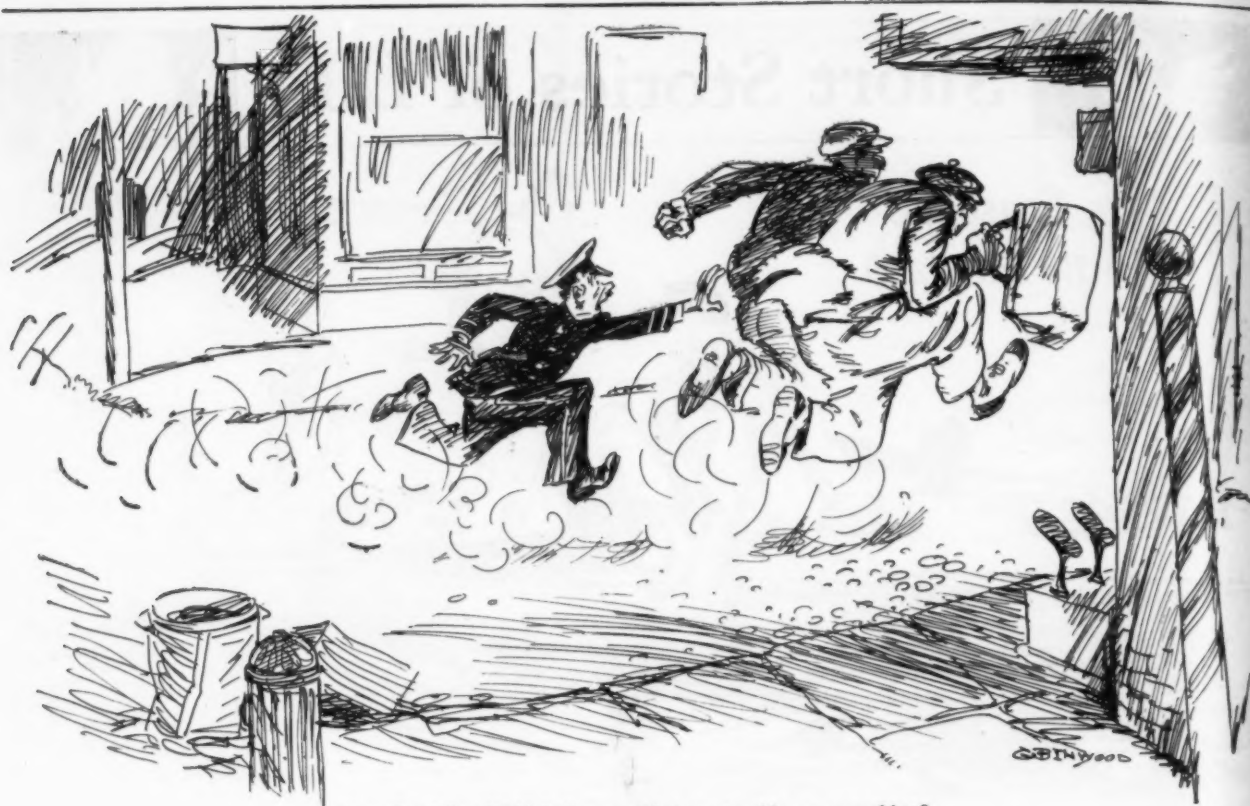
"After this past night, my poor, poor young people, you should be grateful indeed to the old man, heh, heh," he laughed, "who has saved you, who revealed the truth about the each to the other."

Sesselenden began to get mixed up. He felt his talk wasn't getting over the way it should. He said:

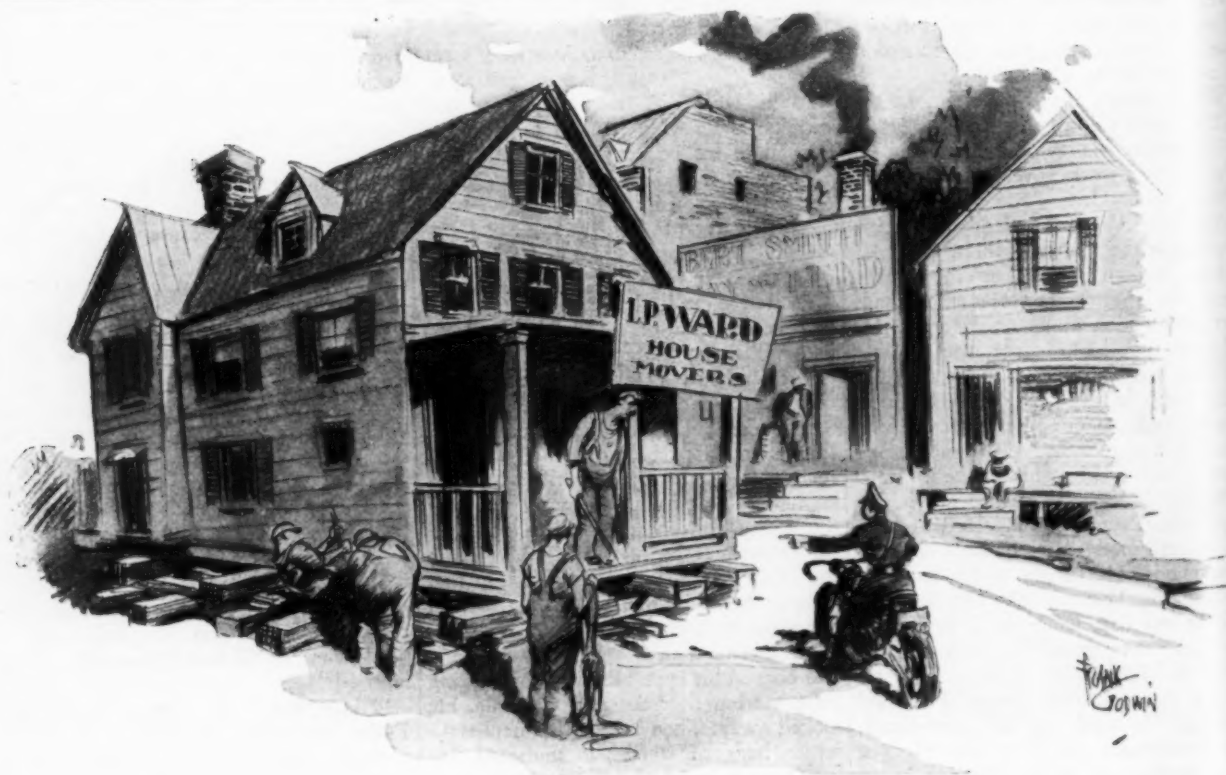
"Thank God I brought about this quarrel before it was too late. I shudder to think what would have happened had you married."

"I hope you choke on your gruel," said Eloise, "we've been married for six weeks."

Uncle Peter obligingly shuddered. It seemed indicated. Then he jumped overboard and swam for the yacht.



COP: Good Lord! Ain't I ever going to stumble or something?

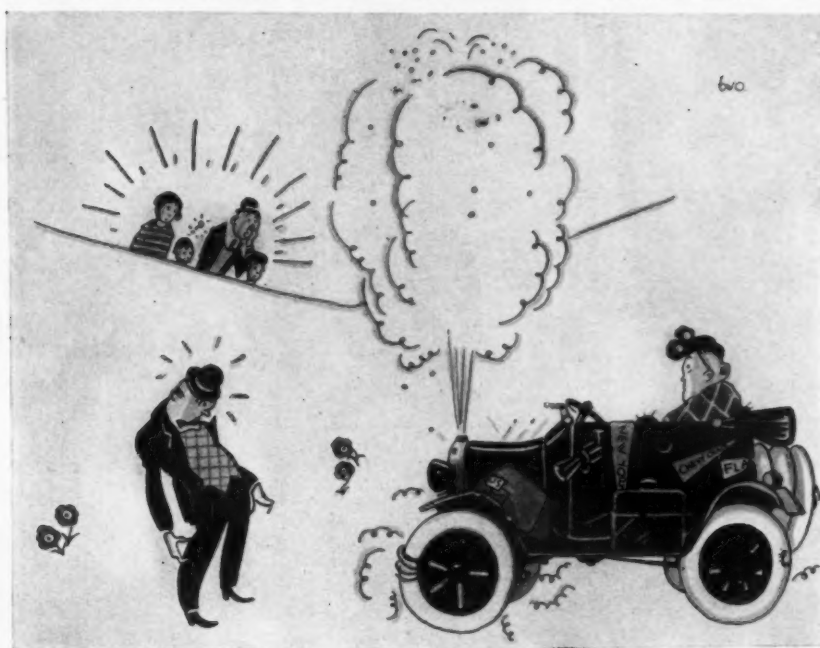
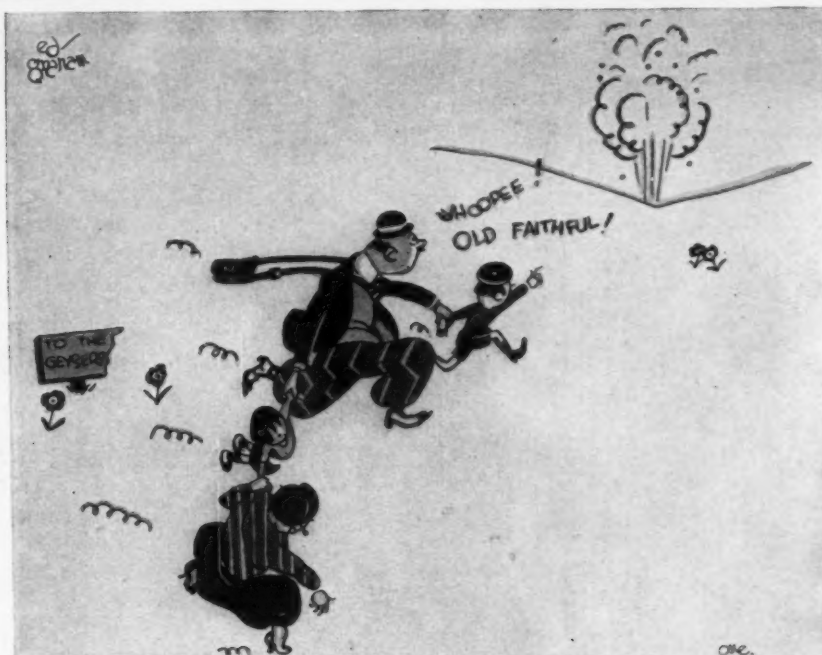


"Pull over to the curb!"





"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"



POSITIVELY THE LAST FORD JOKE

## IMPOSSIBLE

Add pitiful figures: A truck driver with an inferiority complex.

"THAT reminds me of one about an Irishman and a Jew who—"

"Stop, man! Do you want to have Anne Nichols suing you for plagiarism?"

AN optimist is a guy who believes girls' skirts can get shorter.

THE source of man's downfall was the apple source.

SHE: Wait a minute; I've forgotten my lipstick.

HE: You've got it on.

## Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

Politeness and chivalry are, I believe, merely furtive methods for the expression of a profound contempt.

—Heywood Brown.

We are all actors and spectators in life.

—E. Haldeman-Julius.

A young man entering college naturally gets a "kick" out of a banner from a girls' college.—Bruno Lessing.

Thin women never made history.

—Lady Mary Drummond Hay.

Things just come to me and I put them on paper.—Anne Nichols.

The forces of evil are exceedingly powerful.—Calvin Coolidge.

This is a good time to keep out of debt.

—B. C. Forbes.

The truth is "the woman pays."

—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

It is quite possible to see and feel life as you would a novel.

—Sherwood Anderson.

Successful men are not revolutionists; and married men are not radicals.

—Will Durant.

Divorce is no longer the disgrace that it was formerly.—Bernarr Macfadden.



The college man, who got so mad, he tore his hair.



The court jester receives a piece of domestic information.

### She Had a Swell Brain

SHE: I don't think a girl who's really pretty has to be bright or anything to attract men, do you?

HE: Not at first, but no intelligent man can keep on seeing a girl who's terribly dumb even if she's beautiful.

SHE: I s'pose that's true, isn't it?"

HE: Yeah—you bet.

SHE: But don't you think awfully few girls who are beautiful are really intelligent?

HE: Well, there aren't many of them, I guess.

SHE: Because I mean usually a girl who's terribly pretty doesn't ever bother to improve her mind or anything because I mean she gets so much attention anyway she doesn't have to worry about being intelligent.

HE: But I don't think a man can really ever fall in love with a dumb girl if he's got any sense.

SHE: Don't you *really*? I mean I know heaps of girls who are terribly attractive and all but they actually haven't got a



I've overdrawn my account here and I wonder if you could loan me three dollars to pay my taxi fare?

brain in their head and yet loads of awfully nice boys are madly infatuated with them.

HE: Well, I've never liked a girl who wasn't bright, no matter how attractive she was.

SHE: But I think it's actually just physical attraction that makes a man like a girl in the first place, don't you really think it is?

HE: Yeah—at first, maybe—but she's got to show something besides that if you're to keep on liking her.

SHE: Well, I s'pose that's it, isn't it? Gosh, I wish people wouldn't just keep saying I'm pretty, because I mean I'd heaps rather have them think there was something more to me than just being attractive physically, do you know what I mean?

HE: But there *is*. Anybody can see you've got a lot of intelligence.

SHE: Oh, go on—you're just flattering me, but it's *awfully* sweet of you to say so!

Lloyd Mayer.





### "THIS IS THE LIFE"

—*Merchant of Venice or Twelfth Night or old Chinese Proverb.*

ARE you (and of course, you are!) playing Ping Pong? ... this famous old indoor sport (I'm not referring to myself, mind you) has been revived and our very best families are wrecking themselves and their dining room furniture no end. ... in fact, there seems to be a regular "pong" war on. ... well, maybe that *wasn't* very good but anyone who has gotten a well played Ping Pong ball in the eye, or has risen suddenly, after picking one up from underneath the table, will agree that it is far from a gentle sport. ... one of my benighted friends has even given over his entire garage to the game and leaves his poor cars out in the cold!

And to make this sport even more dangerous some misguided enthusiast has invested the Ping Pong cocktail composed of half gin, half lemon, powdered sugar and green Creme de Menthe or Chartreuse ... instead of a cherry or an olive a Ping Pong ball floats atop this terrible concoction. ... this is not to be eaten but is a gentle hint to the guest or guestess that he or she will be expected to spend the evening bounding around the dining room ... however, after a few Ping Pongs you will find very little trouble in bounding.

And speaking of indoor sports, we have with us a new electrical horse racing game that beats Belmont Park or Saratoga all hollow and enables you to lose just exactly as much money but in a much more comfortable way.

Some other indoor sports that you really shouldn't miss ... the new Ziegfeld Roof at ten dollars the cover ... the hockey matches at the Garden ... the *Seaglade* at the St. Regis ... Barney Gallant's with Walter O'Keefe and Hale Byer's orchestra (ask him to play "Valencia") ... Jimmeh Durante's "Rendezvous" with Jimmeh and Eddeh and Lou getting crazier every night ... Phil Baker's Little Club ... and last but not least "Takes us" Guinan's portable night club.

DON DICKERMAN's "County Fair" has gone very juvenile and if you like dashing about on kiddie cars and velocipedes you'll have more fun than all get-out. ... ah, get out yourself!

And may we (why, of course, you may!) encroach upon Master Benchley's department and mention just a few high spots of the thea-tree ... the *Dance, Little Lady* number in "This Year of Grace" ... Betty Starbuck and Billy Taylor singing "In a Great Big Way" in "Hello, Daddy" ... Eddie Cantor singing "Mak-

ing Whoopee" in "Whoopee" ... Bordon doing "Let's Do It" in Paris ... the "Where Were We" song in Billie.

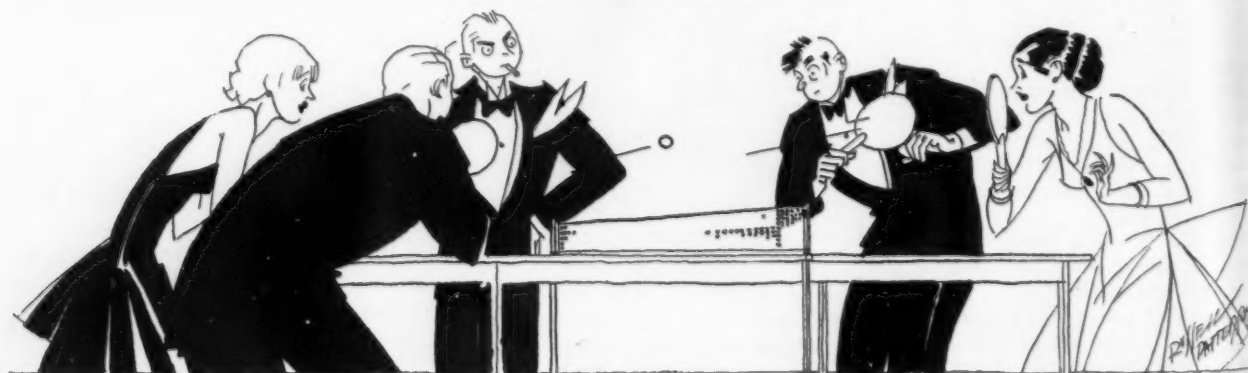
MEDITATIONS of a Sophomore—What with our elders going in for Whoopee, Self-expression, and Birth Control the old saying, "What is the Younger Generation coming to" has been changed to "Where is the Younger Generation coming from?"

NOTES on the Younger Generation—All the swell dressers (male) seem to be going in for full dress ... slickers have been replaced by trench coats ... hops or jumps or what have you have disappeared from dancing.

SPECIAL note to the Younger Generation—Herbert Hoover will be the next President of the United States ... memorize this as someone is apt to ask you, and you know you don't want to be embarrassed.

HAVE you (of course you have!) one of those violet ray machines ... pass the cocktails in front of it and you'll be surprised at the effect ... on you ... Scientists call it a radio-active effect ... static we calls it.

*Been Juste*





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

His Advantage

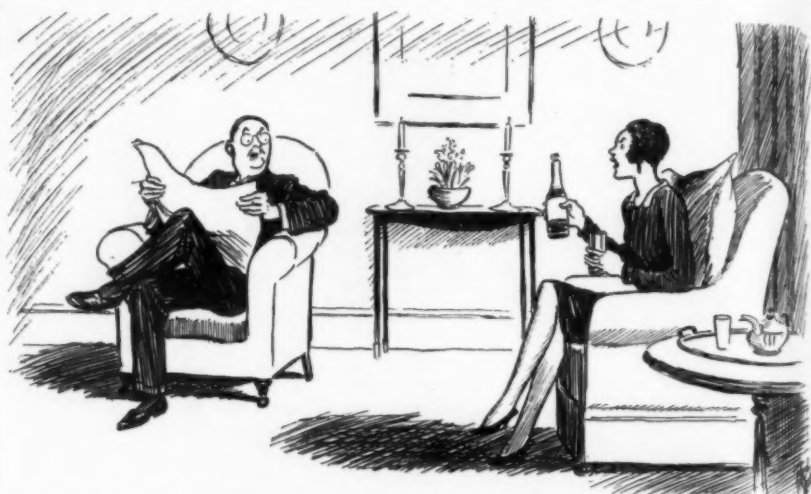


### Headlines of the Week

LABORITES CHIDE CHAMBERLAIN FOR HOLDING OUT LOCARNO PEACE FACTS—GERMAN NATIONALISTS DEMAND STATEMENT OF WAR GUILT BE MADE PENAL OFFENCE—THREE COUNTRIES SIGN NEW TRADE TREATY WITH CHINA—CHINESE OFFICERS ENCOURAGE OPIUM TRAFFIC—REVOLUTIONARY PLOT UNCOVERED IN CONSTANTINOPLE—MUSSOLINI JUGS EX-MINISTERS FOR RAZZING FACISTI—EXPERTS SAY GERMANY ABLE TO PAY UP—BRITISH COAL MINERS GROWING DESTITUTE.

PEPING, China—Marshal Feng Yushiang has been denying himself to visitors lately, and it has been disclosed that during his seclusion he was composing over 1,000 ballads which he has advertised for sale at \$50 a piece to provide funds for famine relief. *Maybe that's what Hoover was doing down in the Mississippi valley.*

BUENOS AIRES — The government has agreed to limit the shipment of arms to Bolivia during the Paraguayan crisis. *They want to hold it to a little war. 24750*



"John, I do wish you'd complain to the grocer—I think he's cutting his near beer."

MOSCOW—In a drive against vodka the anti-alcoholic league plans to provide 300,000 peasants' homes with radio sets. *Enough to drive any one to drink.*

SAPELO ISLAND, Ga.—President Coolidge, on a deer hunting expedition, was paralyzed by buck fever when beaters drove doe within few feet of him. *Suffering from an old complaint, in other words.*

LONDON — Leading British brewers and distillers are taking out insurance policies at Lloyds against the possibility of prohibition in this country. *Why don't our bootleggers take out policies against the repeal of our law?*

LONDON — King Amanullah's dress reform, over which his Afghan subjects revolted, is failing. Mrs. Carol Isaacson, the bride of an American, who was wounded while leaving Kabul, Afghanistan, during a rebel attack, told the *Daily Mail's* Peshawar correspondent today.

She said that her husband had written her a letter from Kabul, stating that European clothes, which were introduced by King Amanullah, virtually had been dropped by the natives. *It must have been quite a sight.*

LONDON—Gen. Bramwell Booth, for sixteen years head of the Salvation Army, has finally been told on his sick bed at Southwold that the High Council has been called and that there is a movement to depose him.

It was a great shock to the aged general who said: "Whatever people may think of the army, they must feel this is rough on me." *A man may be down but he's never out.*



BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.

MRS. DOODLUMS: Oh! Wasn't that a weird murder in Squeedonk!!  
MR. DOODLUM: I see that slayer in Saskatchewan was hanged!



LONDON, Dec. 28—Major H. O. D. Seagrave has just revealed the details of his newest 1,000-horsepower car with which he hopes to shatter the speed record of 207 miles an hour. *Tell that to the judge.*

PARIS—Pierre Fisbach, 18 year old French aviator, today arrived at Lyons after hopping off from Paris in a tiny airplane in which he hops to fly to India. After refueling he expects to start tomorrow toward Aleppo, continuing in short hops to India, if the plane is still in good shape. *M. Fisbach is full of hops.*

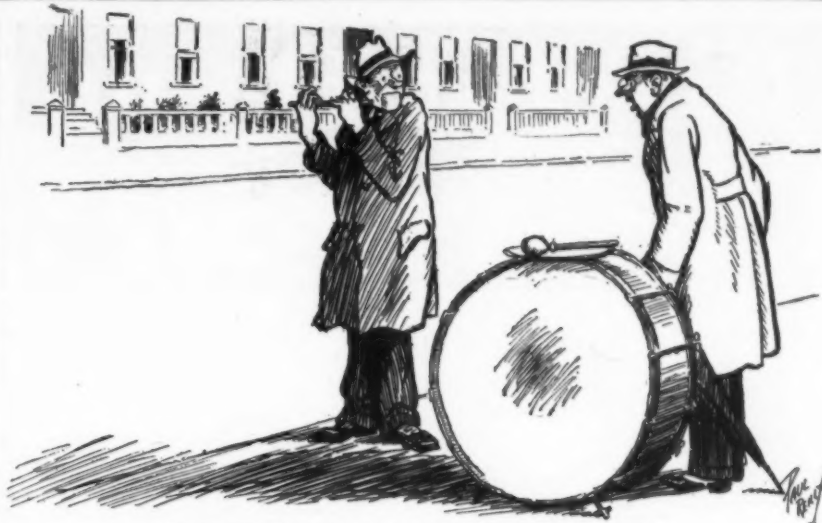


"Peppermint, me eye!"

LONDON—As a thank offering for his escape in a motor car accident, Lord Beaverbrook, newspaper magnate, will distribute 25,000 pounds to worthy causes. He was cut by glass when his automobile was in collision with a truck. *The open season for lords will now begin.*

PEPING, China—The name of the ancient city of Peking has been changed by a ruling of the Nanking government's post office department. It is Peping. *The younger generation is putting pep into everything.*

MOSCOW—Rumors that Leon Trotzky was sick and that he was to be transferred from Alma Ata to a health resort was denied by the authorities today. *It must have been a couple of other fellows.*



SPECTATOR: Pardon me—but why the two instruments?  
STREET MUSICIAN: When people give me little somethin', I play gentle on the flute, but if they don't gimme nothin', I raise h—I on the bassdrum.

## The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

Your mother tells me you are thinking of dropping out of college and going abroad to work on your epic poem, "Futility." She says you feel more and more the necessity of getting away from the materialism of America so you can really think. I hasten to write you that I shall be glad to maintain you in Europe, Asia, or Africa for a number of years if the sojourn will make you think.

Just now I am a little concerned myself about the materialism of America. We had to close down Brickyard No. 7 because there wasn't enough materialism to keep it going. But it looks now as if materialism would be back strong so I shall pay your passage. I assume that is what you meant to suggest to me when you wrote your mother about your spiritual crisis and beating your wings against the iron bars of life.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.  
—McCready Huston.

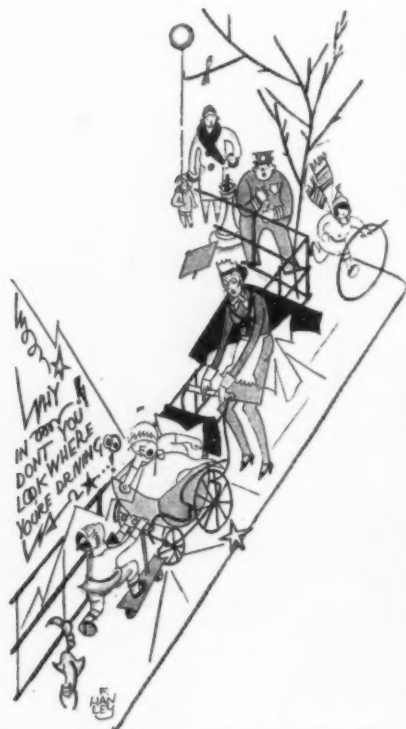


The thrifty chiropractor modernizes his own furniture.



### Headlines of the Week

COOLIDGE MISSES POT SHOT AT DEER—PHILADELPHIA MACHINE GUNNERS BAG TWO NONCOMBATANTS IN STREET DUEL—SENATOR LOWDEN ADVISES FARMERS TO WAIT FOR HOOVER—ANTI-WAR TREATY GIVEN FIRST PLACE BEFORE CONGRESS—GOVERNMENT ALLOWS MEDICOS MORE WHISKEY TO FIGHT FLU—HEARST OFFERS \$25,000 FOR DRY REPEAL PLAN—G. O. P. GAVE SIX MILLION TO HELP HOOVER—32,000 MEN ANSWER WANT AD AT FORD PLANT—DETROIT POLICEMEN BAGS PEDESTRIAN BY MISTAKE—MISSISSIPPI NEGRO BURNED BY MOB.



The motorist's son makes his first speech under the incentive of a busted fender.

NEW YORK CITY — The national Women's Christian Temperance Union requested that January 16 be regarded as Victory day for the dries, and all church bells sounded for nine minutes. *And all speakeasies hold a minute of silent thanks.*

NEW YORK—What college girls laugh at has been investigated by a young graduate student in psychology at Columbia University named Polyxenie Kambourpoulou who succeeded in getting 100 Vassar students to keep diaries of their laughs each day.

The diaries proved that college girls do not giggle over nothing, as is popularly supposed, since out of 4,000 laughs there were only fifty-four for no humorous reason. *They can always laugh at each other.*

NEW YORK — Records released by Prohibition Investigation Committees state that only 17 out of 504 Speakeasies serve real stuff. *Well, where are these here now 17 Speakeasies?*



PROWLER: I believe I've fooled him—he thinks I'm the gardener.

NEW YORK—John J. Fox & Sons, undertakers, who claim to have been the first to utilize the automobile for transporting the dead, announced they had arranged with Barrett Airways to supply airplanes on short notice capable of carrying a coffin and an undertaker's assistant. *We're going to refuse to be buried from an airplane. It's not safe.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If the farm relief and naval cruiser bills are passed the total government expense inherited by President-elect Hoover will be \$4,000,000,000, or almost \$300,000,000 more than Mr. Coolidge thought advisable. *Which should make it just about right.*

NEW YORK CITY—Professor Byrnes, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, declared that we should cease talking of God and create a new religion, and something to take the place of the old Heaven and Hell. *Personally, we'd rather have a new Democratic party.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Congressmen voiced various opinions on W. C. Durant's proposal for a Congressional investigation of Dry enforcement. Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, said he was in sympathy with it. "Some one is blocking enforcement," he said, "and I am curious to know who or what it is." *Now, who could that fellow be?*



CONJUROR: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid that in this trick I delay a little too—o—o much!

NEW YORK CITY—According to an editorial in that paper, the *Il Martello* had its December 2, 1928, issue barred by the postal authorities because of articles it had concerning General Italo Balboa, Fascist General. *The Il Martello is still laboring under that foreign illusion that this is a free country.*

NEW YORK CITY — Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons is appointed by Grover Whalen to lead New York's strong-arm squad. His particular duty will be to prevent disorderly conduct on the streets and in the subways. Lieutenant Fitzgibbons is leader of the New York Police Glee Club. *How about singing in the streets, Patrick?*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A contract providing for construction of remedial works to maintain and improve the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls has been signed in Ottawa by the United States and Canada, the state department announces. *Well, we should get some nice new souvenir postal cards out of it anyway.*

WASHINGTON—Recording the national death rate for 1927 at 11.4 persons per 1,000 population, the Department of Commerce reported today that Idaho had the lowest rate of the States. *Is it because people wouldn't be seen dead there?*

WESTFIELD, Mass.—State troopers who last night raided the rooming house of George Floyd of Blandford in search of liquor found none, but they found fourteen sticks of dynamite. *Well, that's enough for a good blowout.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Miss Betty Wilson, college girl and swimmer, set a world record last week for uninterrupted talking by a woman.

With the exception of a few minutes for eating the girl had been engaged in a monologue for forty-two hours. She is one of six women contestants in the so-called "word rodeo" at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in Park Avenue. *What a wonderful wife for some poor fellow.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mrs. Herbert Hoover is the "ideal Girl Scout" and will be the first active Scout worker to occupy the White House. Mrs. Evelyn Wight Allen, Brooklyn Girl Scout Commissioner and college room-mate of Mrs. Hoover at Stanford University, told about 100 girls yesterday. *Can she light a cigarette with one match?*

BOSTON—Men will wear blue shoes the coming year if the hopes of show stylists are fulfilled. *To match their noses.*



THE EXPERT.

BURGLAR TO HIS WIFE: I've tried blasting and I've tried a sledge hammer, but I'm damned if I know how to get this safe open.

WIFE: Don't give up; let the baby play with it.



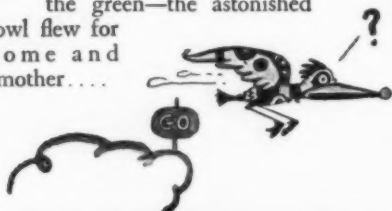
## A Hole-in-One



On our 510-yard eleventh hole—not wishing to overdrive the green—I chose my trusty mashie-niblick for my tee shot—



My ball was a bit high and stuck on the bill of a Gilfooligus bird flying over the green—the astonished fowl flew for home and mother....



Some 2000 miles out on the Atlantic my ball was knocked off the beak of the unfortunate young Gilfooligus by a playful bolt of lightning—bouncing 1300 miles southwest to the tropical island of Bull Hooley.

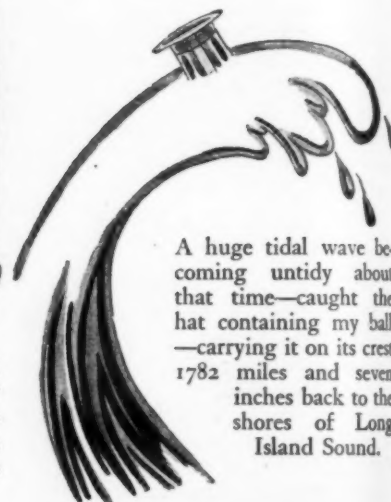


Believe it or not—my ball then stuck on the war club of the Bull Hooley champion Marathon runner just as he was setting a new missionary paced record for 100 times around the island.



It is the humorous custom on Bull Hooley

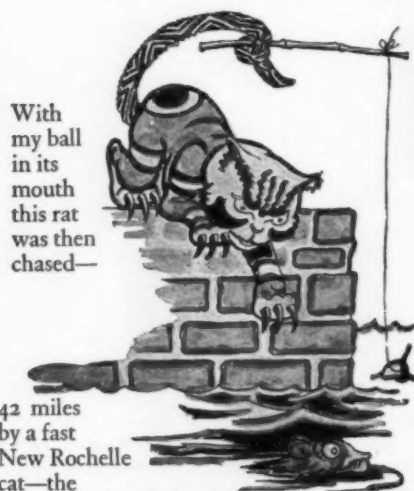
Island for a Marathon runner to signal for a faster pace by throwing his war club—and skipping the sad details—my ball flew off the war club and lit in the missionary's hat—just as it was knocked right into the sea.



A huge tidal wave becoming untidy about that time—caught the hat containing my ball—carrying it on its crest 1782 miles and seven inches back to the shores of Long Island Sound.

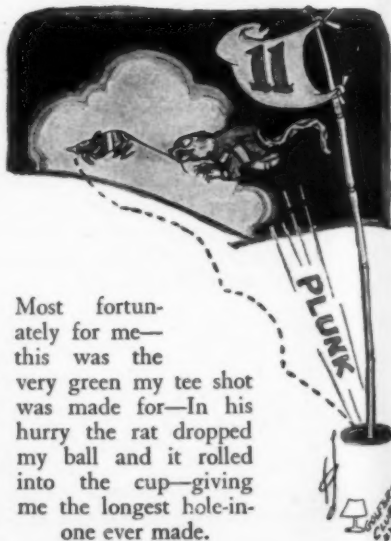


A hungry Neptune Island sea rat happened to swim by the missionary's hat as it drifted along the shore and peeked inside—mistaking my ball for a piece of cheese—



With my ball in its mouth this rat was then chased—

42 miles by a fast New Rochelle cat—the chase eventually leading across our 11th green.



Most fortunately for me—this was the very green my tee shot was made for—In his hurry the rat dropped my ball and it rolled into the cup—giving me the longest hole-in-one ever made.

# Wanted, \$1,000,000

American Public Crashes Through Nobly, as Letters Pour In

By Qincy Qilq

JUST one week ago today I stepped out from behind the sheltering Curtain of Privacy, and generously offered myself as a gift to the American People. "All you have to do," I said, "is to make me a millionaire. Then I will be your servant." I offered myself cheerfully, firm in my conviction that what this country needs is a brand new type of millionaire. . . . one who will squander his fortune in spontaneous escapades of frothy whimsicality. All I asked was that a million of you send me a dollar apiece.

The sporting way that you are catching the Qilq Spirit is marvelous. In every walk of life, men are running to the post box to send in their donations. I am told that last Friday the New York Stock Exchange was deserted. Both the Bulls and the Bears forsook all interest in the market to parade hysterically up and down lower Broadway, waving the Qilq campaign banners, and singing the catchy campaign songs. In public parks throughout the land, bright-eyed kindergarten children are lending their support to the project by dancing joyfully about the Qilq Campaign Maypoles. And I have been literally smothered in a veritable landslide of contributions.

The three letters that poured into the office this week were all tremendously encouraging. The first received was a special delivery from a long-forgotten college chum:

Dear Qin (*it read*)

When I read your name in LIFE this morning, it stirred up hosts of tender memories of days at dear old Dartmouth. One of the memories concerns the fact that you still owe me fifteen dollars in poker debts. As my contribution to the Qilq Fund, you may subtract one dollar from the I. O. U., and, damn you, send me the remaining fourteen quick.

Yours in Sigma Epsilon Phi,

JIM.

Although Jim's contribution must be set down as a "paper profit" and cannot be registered on the thermometer, it certainly does show that the campaign is attracting attention. The second letter was one of even greater promise:

Weeping Waters, Neb.

Dear Mister Qilq:

I rite to let you know that my white Holstein, Buttercup, is now with caff. If these caff be born with two heds or five legs, I will sell him to Barnum Bailey, when which happens I will be glad to send you 1 dollar.

Mrs. Annie Woodswooks (*nee* Kelleher).

Thrilling as Mrs. Woodswooks letter was, the third note I received was even more so, viz:

Office of the Pres.

Schneeloch Rosin Co., Inc.

(*If it isn't a Schneeloch, it isn't a Rosin.*)

Trademark

Qincy Qilq,  
Life Pub. Co.  
Dear Sir:

A few short years ago, my father died, which action made me the owner of a bankrupt rosin mill in Quacchee, Vt. The factory made rosin for violin strings, and although there were many customers, the income was wretched. Violins are so small, you know, they don't use much.

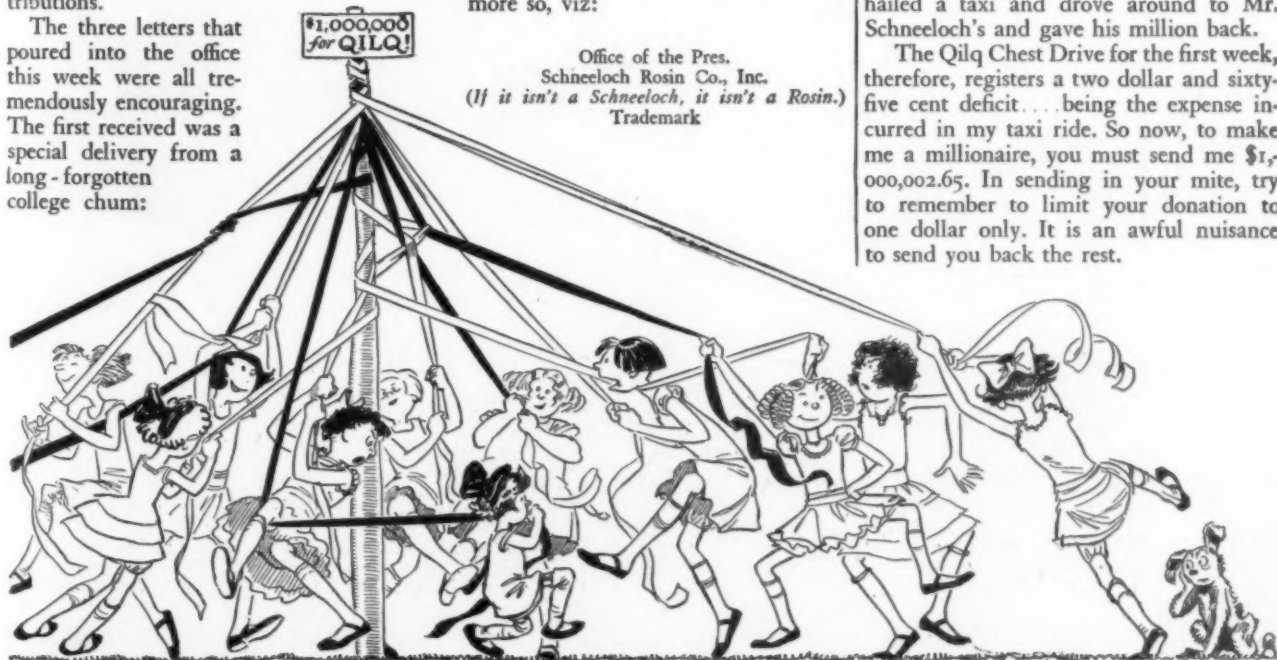
I realized that our output must be doubled. This I accomplished by sitting down and inventing the cello, the strings and bow of which are twice as long as a violin's, and therefore call for twice the quantity of rosin. Business boomed, and a short time later I sat down once more, this time inventing the bull fiddle, which is twice as large again. Overnight I became a multimillionaire!

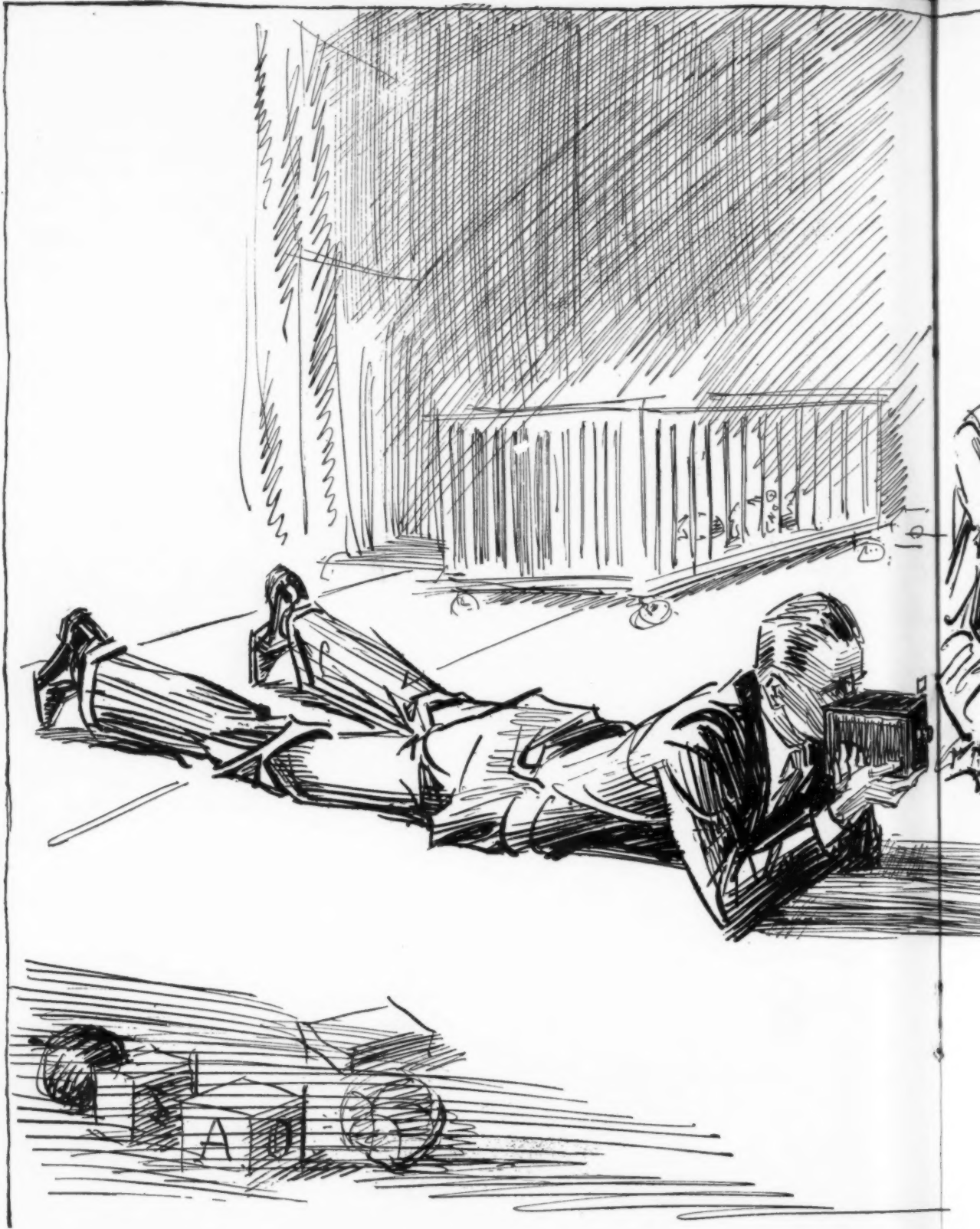
So you can see why I like young men like you who wish to make money on a shoestring. I made mine on a fiddle string. Therefore I am enclosing a check for one million dollars. Your campaign has been successful!

(Signed) Button Gwynette Schneeloch, Pres.

Now that was pretty white of him. But as much as I appreciated Mr. Schneeloch's generosity, my sense of honor would not permit me to accept his lump sum million. Last week I promised that one million of you citizens would have the privilege of sending in your dollar, and I am not the man to go back on you now. So I hailed a taxi and drove around to Mr. Schneeloch's and gave his million back.

The Qilq Chest Drive for the first week, therefore, registers a two dollar and sixty-five cent deficit . . . being the expense incurred in my taxi ride. So now, to make me a millionaire, you must send me \$1,000,002.65. In sending in your mite, try to remember to limit your donation to one dollar only. It is an awful nuisance to send you back the rest.





The Movie







"Look, Mom—a Movie!"

"Do You Know——?"

SHE: You went to Yale, didn't you?

HE: Yeah—I was Yale.

SHE: I think Yale is simply marvelous. I know *heaps* of boys who went there.

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Yes—did you ever know Larry Twink? I think he was something on the football team one year or something.

HE: What class?

SHE: Oh, I don't know. Around 17, I guess.

HE: I guess that was before my time. I was '25.

SHE: Well, it's funny you don't remember him because he was quite famous at college. He's really a terribly sweet boy.

HE: Well, you know how it is—you sort of forget 'em.

SHE: I s'pose you do, don't you? Well, anyways, I think Ronald Woof was about your time, wasn't he?

HE: The name sounds sort of familiar, but I can't exactly recall him this minute.

SHE: I'm almost certain he was in your class.

HE: Yeah? Well, it's funny—you think you know everybody in your class and

then you find out there's lots of 'em you don't know.

SHE: Well, it's awfully funny you don't know Ronald because he was something on the crew.

HE: Yeah, I remember the name now, I think.

SHE: Oh, I tell you—of *course* you know Dick Thwump! I went to the Prom with him. He was chairman of the Prom Committee and a terribly big man in his class and all. He's awfully sweet!

HE: Was he in '25?

SHE: Yes, I'm certain he was. Do you mean to say you didn't know him? How perfectly extraordinary. I thought everybody knew Dick—he was so famous and all!

HE: Well, the name sounds sort of familiar, but I can't just place him this minute.

SHE: Gosh, I think it's fun finding mutual acquaintances!

Lloyd Mayer.

"So long, old man. And, er, did I tell you that I'm thinking of entering the ministry."

"You don't mean it? Well, so long. See you in church."

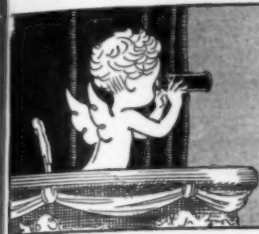
"Is she amusing to spend an evening with?"

"Yeah—she has a lot of pet theories."



Bartholomew Rogers.

"God bless, mama, and my last papa."



# Theatre



## The Season's Peak

by  
Robert  
Benchley

WHAT was supposed to be the peak of the theatrical season came around Christmas time, along with that bracing, tepid Christmas weather. In this season, any slight bulging away from the ground constitutes a peak, and the great December renaissance can hardly be said to have been much more than that.

There was a general air and bustle of great doings along Broadway. Dozens of plays all opened at once (and closed almost immediately); Ethel Barrymore opened a new theatre with a new play; Mr. Belasco printed up a lot of new money and tossed it gravely into the clattering furnace of "The Red Mill" (rechristened "Mima" for short); the Theatre Guild put on a drama containing absolutely no sex appeal (unless matinee

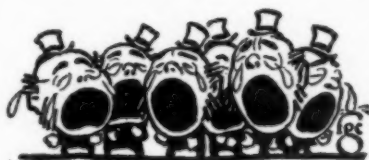


audiences can derive excitement from the sight of a British Cabinet meeting at No. 10 Downing Street—and matinee audiences have derived excitement from much less), and everyone was very optimistic and busy.

Out of all this activity, the two productions of the Theatre Guild, "Wings Over Europe" and "Caprice," seem to be the only precipitate worth saving. In itself, "Caprice" is not a play to make any season highly distinguished, but the acting of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt is. Two more delightful performances it would be difficult to get on one stage at the same time. We have gone over all this before, how good we think Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt are and, if there had been any opposition, we could now have said "We told you so." But when no one will have an argument with you, all you can do is mutter to yourself "Very good, very good indeed!" We will also mutter a few

words of commendation for young Mr. Douglass Montgomery.

The Guild's other offering, "Wings Over Europe," is remarkable in that it has no women in the cast and that no one in his right senses would ever have expected to make a play out of it. So Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne made one and the Guild put it on and it turns out



to be very exciting. It has its weak spots and an occasional one which is a little more than just weak, but when an author writes a play about blowing up the world by a redistribution of atoms he can not expect to convince his audience any sooner than he could convince the Cabinet of Great Britain. But the whole thing was a very brave venture into theatrical wilds and is easily the most interesting experiment in town. In recommending it, we repeat that no ladies appear on the stage and that at least one lobe of your brain will have to be functioning in order to get the keenest enjoyment from the play. But you won't really be thinking as deeply as you think you are.

MR. BELASCO has taken Molnar's "The Red Mill" and made a gigantic machine of it, into which he has put Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer and called it "Mima." On the whole, we like Mr. Belasco's machinery better than Mr. Molnar's play. Mr. Blackmer, an honest peasant "whom even the silk worms love," is seen in the various stages of moral disintegra-



tion in the infernal machine, each stage accompanied by a new gadget from Mr. Belasco's laboratory and a leer of delight from Miss Ulric who has the satanic appointment as demoralizing agent in charge of Mr. Blackmer.

In the end, however, owing to the young peasant's thinking of his mother or America's debt to France or something, he is saved from complete degradation and the entire machine collapses with considerable dignity. It is all highly impressive and obvious. Mr. Belasco's gadgets, however, and Miss Ulric's various impersonations are always something to watch.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE recently complained in a magazine article that the critics gave her credit for only beauty and personality and seldom for skill. She should thank her stars that her beauty and personality were on tap in the first two acts of "The Kingdom of God" and that she could save her skill for the third. The third act is splendid, thanks to this skill, but the first two are pretty terrible.

In the first act, Miss Barrymore is seen as *Sister Gracia* at the age of nineteen, in the second at the age of twenty-nine and in the third at seventy. By the time she is seventy there has been a noticeable improvement in her vocal methods due to



advancing age, and that high, breathless monotone which, at nineteen, made it a little difficult to understand just what she was saying, has given way to a rich, full voice which snaps out the words in thrilling fashion.

Miss Barrymore and her much-imitated voice have given rise to a school of acting which might be called the Episcopalian Method. In this, each line is chanted like a response, with no differentiation in tone between lines, and sometimes goes on like that for hours. Now Miss Barrymore does this usually when she thinks the rôle needs it and can shift at will, as she does in the third act of "The Kingdom of God," but it would be too bad if a standard were set whereby young actresses chanted exclusively and one were never again to hear a human voice in natural conversation on the stage. Little as Miss Barrymore esteems her own beauty and personality, they would come in very handy for anyone who wanted to follow in her steps.



# Life's Confidential Guide

## More or Less Serious

**The Age of Innocence, Empire**—Katharine Cornell in a play which needs her badly.

**Brothers, Forty-Eighth St.**—Bert Lytell playing two parts at once, both looking like Bert Lytell. To be reviewed in detail next week.

**Congai, Sam H. Harris**—What happens to girls in Indo-China, shown with considerable attention to local color and Miss Helen Menken.

**Cyrano de Bergerac, Hampden's**—If Mr. Hampden will take our advice (which he would have no reason to do) he will keep on playing this year in and year out.

**Diamond Lil, Royale**—Something by Mae West which is about as important as most of Miss West's works.

**Gypsy, Klaw**—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Claiborne Foster, Louis Calhern, Lester Vail, Mary Young and others. To be reviewed later.

**Jarnegan, Longacre**—The Jim Tully version of Hollywood, spoken out good and loud by Richard Bennett.

**Jealousy, Maxine Elliott**—Fay Bainter and John Halliday carrying a whole play by themselves very successfully. The title will give an inkling as to the plot.

**The Kingdom of God, Ethel Barrymore**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Lady Dedlock, Ambassador**—Margaret Anglin in a dramatization of "Bleak House." To be reviewed next week.

**Mims, Belasco**—Reviewed in this issue.

**One Way Street, Cohan**—A mystery play by Beulah Poynter. To be reviewed next week.

**The Sign of the Leopard, National**—A London success under the name of "The Squeaker," this mystery play does not seem to have quite enough of what you Americans call "punch" for New York. It has its good points, however.

**The Squealer, Forrest**—We refuse to keep posted on whether or not "Peaches" Browning is still in the cast of this. It makes very little difference, one way or the other.

**Strange Interlude, John Golden**—The five-hour wonder of theatre-business.

**Street Scene, Playhouse**—A play by Elmer Rice, with Mary Servoss, Robert Kelly and others. To be reviewed later.

**The Street Wolf, Garrick**—Pretty bad.

**The Wild Duck, Forty-Ninth St.**—A grand play. **Wings Over Europe, Martin Beck**—Reviewed in this issue.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Caprice, Guild**—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in as pretty a performance as you can see in town.

**Courage, Ris**—A whole family of stage-children mothered by Janet Beecher.

**Falstaff, Coburn**—Mr. and Mrs. Coburn being very bluff and hearty in the manner of Shakespeare's heavy hero.

**The Front Page, Times Square**—Excellent entertainment involving a mad combination of melodrama, comedy and just plain rushing about.

**The High Road, Fulton**—Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr making one of Lonsdale's parlor comedies worth seeing.

**Holiday, Plymouth**—Philip Barry's delightful badinage tossed airily about by Hope Williams, Ben Smith, Donald Ogden Stewart and other nice people.

**The Jealous Moon, Majestic**—Jane Cowl, with Philip Merivale and Sir Guy Standing doing their best to make the old Pierrot story less sappy.

**Little Accident, Morosco**—In spite of being exclusively devoted to the problem of the unmarried father, there is practically nothing in this to redden the ears and much to laugh at. Thomas Mitchell and Katharine Alexander head a good cast.

**Major Barbara, Republic**—Shaw's attack on poverty well done by a Theatre Guild cast, with Winifred Lenihan as Major Barbara.

**The Marriage Bed, Booth**—A dramatization of Ernest Pascal's novel, with Ann Davis, Allan Dinehart, Edward Emery and others. To be reviewed later.

**A Most Immoral Lady, Cort**—Alice Brady at her best as a member of a refined blackmailing team, everything ending nicely.

**On Call Girl, Waldorf**—This hardly seems worth recommending.

**Paris, Music Box**—Thanks to Irene Bordoni, a band named "The Commanders" and some good tunes, this one makes a pleasant evening out of what otherwise might be just one of those farces.

**The Perfect Alibi, Charles Hopkins**—Murder mystery which entertains and stimulates the mind, by A. A. Milne.

**Poppa, Wallack's**—Good Jewish talk, if Jewish talk amuses you.

**Potiphar's Wife, Craig**—Trying very hard to be naughty.

**The Royal Box, Belmont**—Walker Whiteside has gone back to this old love and is again the old ham actor who hobnobbed with the Prince of Wales.

**The Sky Rocket, Henry Miller's**—A play by Mark Reed, with J. C. Nugent, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Philips and others. To be reviewed later.

**Skidding, Bayes**—We have almost lost interest in this.

**That Ferguson Family, Little**—One of the weaker sisters.

**Tomorrow, Lyceum**—What life will be like in 1980, God forbid!

**Vermont, Erlanger's**—A play by A. E. Thomas, with Phyllis Povah, Allyn Joslyn and others. To be reviewed later.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Angela, Century**—Hardly a gala affair.

**Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.**—This being the Marx Brothers' show, and they being as comic as they are, you had better see it.

**Blackbirds of 1928, Eltinge**—A colored revue which is famous by now.

**Deep Harlem, Billmore**—A new colored revue. To be reviewed later.

**Follow Thru, Forty-Sixth St.**—A DeSylva-Henderson-Brown opus, with Irene Delroy, Madeline Cameron, Zelma O'Neil and others. To be reviewed later.

**Good Boy, Hammerstein's**—An all-around good show, with Elliott Nugent, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and others.

**Hello, Daddy! Field's Mansfield**—Lew Fields's old "The High Cost of Loving" refurbished with a couple of good tunes, Mr. Fields himself, Allen Kearns, Mary Lawlor, Betty Starbuck and Billy Taylor. To be reviewed next week.

**Hold Everything, Broadhurst**—Very amusing clowning, with some good tunes. Victor Moore, Bert Lahr, Ona Munson and Jack Whiting.

**The Houseboat on the Styx, Liberty**—Blanche Ring and Jack Hazzard in a show which ought to be funnier than it is.

**The New Moon, Imperial**—As satisfactory a show as you will find, everything considered. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy, Robert Halliday.

**Polly, Lyric**—Based on "Polly with a Past," with June, Harry K. Morton, Inez Courtney, Fred Allen and others. To be reviewed later.

**The Red Robe, Shubert**—Good, old-fashioned rip-snorting comic opera, with Walter Woolf as the hero and Jose Ruben as that old musical comedy character—Richelieu.

**Scandals of 1928, Apollo**—The fact that it is now 1929 doesn't seem to keep Mr. White from entertaining people with his hand-picked cast: Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

**Show Boat, Ziegfeld**—There is no reason why this shouldn't always be running. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver, and Norma Terris.

**This Year of Grace, Selwyn**—Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in what we mean by a revue.

**Three Cheers, Globe**—Will Rogers putting a show over in a big way.

**Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll**—With a little cleaning up this would be one of the funniest shows in town, what with W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco et al.

**Whoopie, New Amsterdam**—The Eddie Cantor show which you must see.

## Repertory and Laboratory

**Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.**—Eva LeGallienne making a big success of her second season. List includes: "The Cherry Orchard," "The Cradle Song," "Peter Pan," "L'Invitation au Voyage" and "The Would-be Gentleman."

**Singing Jailbirds, Grove Street**—Upton Sinclair's sincere attempt to dramatize a pamphlet. Effective in spots.

**S. S. Glencairn, Provincetown**—A group of one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill.



INDIGNANT PARENT (at 7 A. M.): Young man, what do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour?

FLAMING YOUTH: Well, I've got to be at work by eight.

Passing Show (London).



HOUSEHOLDER: "Isn't it terrible! Everything gone except what I stand up in!"

INVETERATE HUMORIST: "What you lie down in, you mean, old chap. Ha! Ha!"

Jolly good. He! He!"

—Humorist.

## The Collection Manager to His Love

MY DEAREST DOROTHEA:

I have just been looking over receipts from you this week and regret to state that though I have received 2 letters containing 500 kisses and 1 telegram transmitting 1 Big Hug, your ledger card still shows a debit balance of some 8,261 kisses, 93 hugs and 46 "Wish You Were Heres."

I have freely shipped you consignment after consignment of Grade A, first-class Love upon your promise that you would meet all amatory obligations in return. Only last Tuesday, I was tempted to hold up a telegraphic shipment of "Lonesome Without Yous," owing to the condition of your account and the fact that no remittance had been received from you in over two weeks.

I trust you will not make it necessary for me to market my affection elsewhere, and that a quick reply will be forthcoming by return mail. Otherwise, with much reluctance, I shall be compelled to hold up further shipments of Candy, Flowers, Kisses and Assorted Love Tokens.

Devotedly yours,

Bill.

Arthur L. Lippmann.



"Lemme see something real snappy in diamonds for a five foot two and a half blonde!"

# "By Joe!

## "The Sea Devil"

Germany's greatest war adventurer, who never killed an opponent. Count Felix von Luckner, the most romantic and mysterious figure on the side of the Central powers in the World War.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."





# it's good to smoke Luckies.

"Lucky Strikes? By Joe, yes. Let me tell you. I was cruising in my raider in the South Pacific. It had been damp, rainy weather and every bit of tobacco we had on the ship was mouldy and could not be smoked. We began to be desperate. The men were—what you call—grouchy. Along came an American ship. We captured her and after taking the captain, officers and crew aboard my raider and finding comfortable places for them to stay, I and my officers went over to the captured ship to see if there was anything aboard her that we wanted. We searched her. And what do you think? Under the cushions of a seat in the captain's cabin we found 500 packages of Lucky Strikes! I tore off the end of one and lit it and filled my lungs with it, and By Joe, I was a man again. We had enough for all the crew and we were all cheered up and we all became friends once more. By Joe, I was sorry to sink that American ship that had brought us those smokes. Lucky Strikes, they are wonderful, and my Countess, of course, wishes a fashionable, slender figure. She smokes Lucky Strikes when she is offered fattening sweets. And my life has always been an active one and I must be trim and fit. I love to feel what you Americans call 'peppy.' So no sweets for me. Give me a Lucky Strike instead. By Joe, it's good for us to smoke Luckies."

*Felix Count Luckner*

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake, we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY  
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.



BOY (reading aloud): "John appeared in immaculate evening-dress. What does 'immaculate' mean?"

ELDER SISTER. "No gravy-stains on it."  
—Punch (By permission).

WAT: When was your new baby born?

KNOTT: Between the second payment on the radio and the eighth on the auto.  
—The Pathfinder.

BOTTLES, a trade paper, calls attention to a nursing bottle advertisement which concludes with these instructions:

"When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

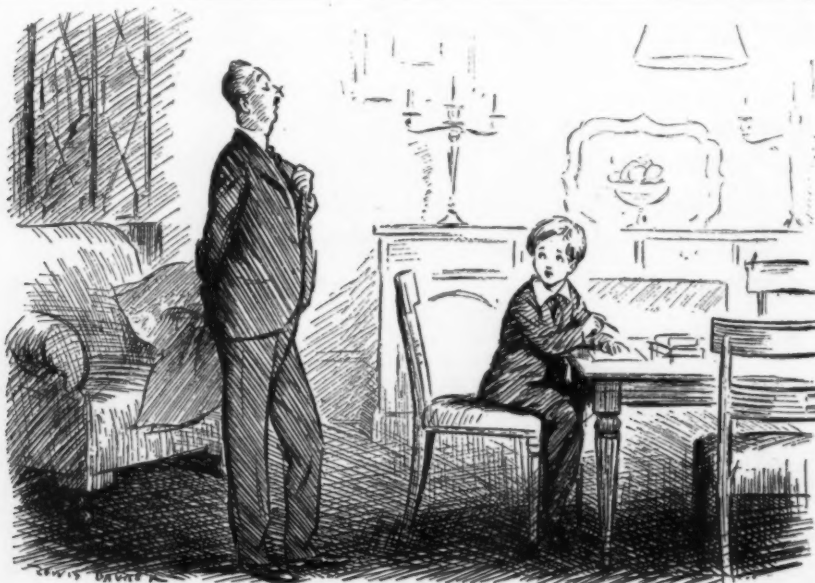
—Vancouver Province.



Drawn by W. H. Cobb.

ENTERPRISING INSURANCE AGENT: "Might I offer you particulars of our Insurance Scheme, Sir?"

—Passing Show.



SMALL BOY (at home-work): "Dad, do do this sum for me."

FATHER: "No, my boy; it wouldn't be right."

SMALL BOY: "P'raps not, Dad; but you might have a try."

—Punch (By permission).



"This car has eight cylinders, four-wheel brakes, water-cooled—"

"That does not interest me. My wife wants a pearl grey car with a nice vase for flowers and fitted with wireless."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

JERRY: How is married life? Do you agree on anything?

BILL: No, I'll say we don't, but don't tell her.—Boston Globe.

AFTER a Detroit husband read the item the other night about a coal magnate renting a 45-room apartment in New York, his wife said, "Does it say anything about closets?"—Detroit News.



EXASPERATED GOLFER (whose ball is lost in the stream): "For heaven's sake, stop whistling 'Ol' Man River'!" —*Passing Show.*

WHILE a lecturer was addressing a meeting of women on "The Duties of the Housewife," he remarked that it was the duty of every woman to mother her husband. Wishing to see what impression this had made on his audience, he asked all those to stand who were willing to mother

their better halves. Only one stood up.

"Ah," he said, "I am glad to see there is at least one of you who is willing to mother her husband."

"Mother your husband," cried the woman. "I thought you said smother your husband!" —*Tit-Bits.*

SALESGIRL: Here's a useful household article, sir; a neat little breakfast gong.

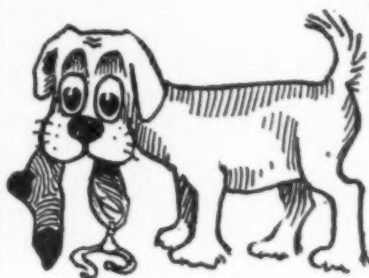
MALE SHOPPER: Don't need any breakfast gong at our house; I can hear my wife scraping the toast.

—*Boston Transcript.*

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

E. T. G. reports the Scotch gangster in Chicago who is saving his ammunition and waiting for the flu epidemic to get his victims.—*New York Evening Post.*

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.



—*EMSTHAN '32*  
A sock in the teeth.  
—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*



## Though smiles reveal glistening teeth **NOBODY'S IMMUNE\***

**\*Pyorrhea, Ignoring Teeth and Attacking Gums, Takes 4 out of 5 As Its Victims**

**E**VERY time you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for the purpose—Forhan's for the Gums. For only proper care of the gums will preserve teeth and safeguard health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Nobody's immune from this disease of neglect, which, if allowed to pursue its course unmolested, ravages health and beauty.

And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to this dread foe.

See your dentist at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night.

### Results Will Delight You

After using this dentifrice for a few days you will notice a distinct improvement in the health and appearance of your gums. They will be firmer and more youthful. As you know, Pyorrhea and other dread diseases

seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, your teeth will be cleaner and whiter. For without the use of harsh abrasives, Forhan's cleans teeth and protects them from acids which cause decay.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it every morning and every night. Teach your children this habit. They will thank you in later years for it is health insurance.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
Forhan Company, New York.



# Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





**Enchanting Splendor** crystallizes in a motor yacht. Farthest from task and closest to nature, a lost world beckons you via water. (STERLING engines, powerful and swift as science has developed, are retarded slightly from a maximum to soft-running, easily-turning power plants for marine transportation. + + Engines 12 to 565 H.P.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY BUFFALO, NEW YORK

**Europe** all EXPENSES \$300 UP  
The LEADING STUDENT TOURS  
Cunard supremacy! 7000 satisfied guests! They are our pledge for the happiest summer of your life. Booklet L.  
**STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB**  
351-FIFTH AVE.-N.Y.C.

### Clark's Famous Cruises NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise, 52 days, \$600 to \$1300  
s.s. "Lancastria" sailing June 29

Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin (Paris, London). Hotels, drives, fees, etc., included.

Mediterranean, Jan. 29, 1930, \$600 up.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.



**Abbott's**  
**BITTERS**

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.  
Baltimore, Md.

**BROWN LAVENDER**  
SMELLING  
**SALTS**



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

## THE MOVIES



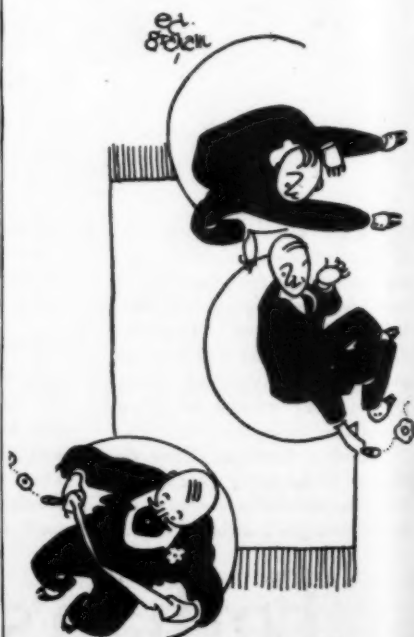
### "The Viking"

By  
**Harry  
Evans**

This is the first full-length feature produced entirely in technicolor, so you should see it for this reason if no other. Until movie patrons become accustomed to this new process, there will be complaints that the films contain too much color to be natural. This will be due to the fact that the average person is not conscious of the amount and variety of color in everyday life, and when these natural colors are brought into focus on as small a field as the movie screen, they may seem exaggerated. That's my story and I'll stick to it.

"The Viking" depicts the discovery of North America by Leif Ericsson, based on the novel, "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," by Otilie A. Liljencrantz. Historical features cause the interest to drag at times, but the picture is made generally entertaining by the capable acting of veteran troopers. The cast reads like Old Home Week with Pauline Stark, Donald Crisp, Anders Randolph, Julia Swayne Gordon, Roy Stewart and Clair MacDowell.

If it doesn't accomplish anything else, technicolor will at least give the blonds a break. In the past brunettes have registered best, as a rule, before the camera, but you will know things have changed



"They say his fortune runs to six figures."  
"Yeah, I've seen them."

# ***Ships... ships... 15 ships...***

*and the largest  
ship building program  
in the world.*

**E**mpress of Australia... Empress of Scotland... Empress of Canada... First-class... and first-class in a way all their own. The Empress of Britain, 40,000 gross tons, under construction.

The four Duchesses... raising cabin-class to a new peak of luxury... all brand new... all 20,000 gross tons.

Eight other great ships... offering every class... every price... every type of accommodation... 3-to-5 sailings a week.

These are the ships that redouble the joy of St. Lawrence-Canadian Pacific... the other seaway to Europe.

Such is the 1929 Atlantic fleet presented by the largest shipbuilding program in the world. Such expansion can be caused only by popularity.

Montreal and Quebec to England, Ireland, France, Germany. Information and booklets... if you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Otherwise write any Canadian Pacific Branch office: New York, 344 Madison Ave. ... Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. ... Montreal, 141 St. James St. ... 14 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

**ST. LAWRENCE-**

**Canadian  
Pacific**

*Seaway to*

**EUROPE**



Tabloid photographer committing suicide.

when you get an eyeful of the alluring Miss Stark as a blue-eyed, fair-haired Norse gal. And if you don't believe the folks who lived on those bleak shores were a hardy race, one glance at the costume worn by Pauline will convince you.

Yes, unquestionably you should see this picture.

## "Adoration"

"ADORATION" starts out to be a fine piece of work, with Billie Dove as the most beautiful Russian princess you ever saw, and Antonio Moreno as her prince who makes loves with intriguing restraint. There are brilliant court scenes; the Russian nobility bedecked in all its finery, and everybody actually waltzing properly (except that Antonio holds the back of his partner's hand instead of the palm, due, no doubt, to his early tango training). Up to this point the picture is excellent entertainment, then it starts to slump worse than Canadian Marconi, and ends with two or three reels that are really boring. Here's why:

The prince and princess become estranged. Fair enough. We all like to see lovers estranged. We suffer enjoyably when things happen to keep them apart, and look forward to the time when they will go into a clinch and forgive. But this anticipation becomes an anti-climax when lovers are kept estranged so long, and for such silly reasons that they appear to be acting like a couple of spoiled kids. This happens in "Adoration" and takes a lot of the ginger out of a potentially good movie. During the last few reels you feel like taking Mr. Moreno by the neck and saying, "Get the hell on back to that sweet girl and stop behaving like a jack-ass."

When a story begins to reach its logical conclusion the director should insist on reuniting the lovers. If this causes the picture to be shorter than regular feature length—take on a Krazy Kat Comedy.

(Continued on next page)



# **SMOKING WRINKLES**

HERE'S a brand-new wrinkle for smokers. One that jiggles up the favorite smoke to a mellow perfection you'd never expect. It's a simple wrinkle too — just the daily use of Squibb's Dental Cream — once in the morning — once at night.

Squibb's pleasantly steals away any after-taste or stoginess. More than that, it leaves a whole legion of Milk of Magnesia particles that protect you at The Danger Line. These little mites fight long after use, too, to keep your smoke appetite bracy and fresh.

Drop in any drug store and buy a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. You'll find it's a mighty inexpensive help to all-day smoking satisfaction. 40c a generous tube.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



**GUARD THE  
DANGER  
LINE**



## Keeps Hair Neat

*Rich-looking — Orderly*

**I**F your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed

down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



**Try It FREE**

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-47  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.

## "Revenge"

ANOTHER unimportant effort by Dolores del Rio, which will probably mean a continued loss of the popular favor gained in "Ramona." However, it is hardly fair to blame the star for failing to click in "Revenge." The story might have been a moving picture scenario at one time, but the completed job is just a picturesque comic opera without music. For instance:

There is a bandit named Jorga who always steals the brides at weddings in the Gypsy village, and when he rides up with a handful of men to do his specialty while the entire populace stands calmly by, you almost expect one of the villagers to step downstage, face the audience, point toward the hills and sing,

"Tis Jorga, yes, yes, beware, tra la,  
He comes to steal the bride, tra la,  
Heigh Ho, to steal the bride."

This lack of resistance to the bride-stealing marked the whole affair as a frameup between Jorga and the local boys to make the county safe for careless bachelors. With that bird hanging around it must have been impossible to stage even a successful shot-gun wedding.

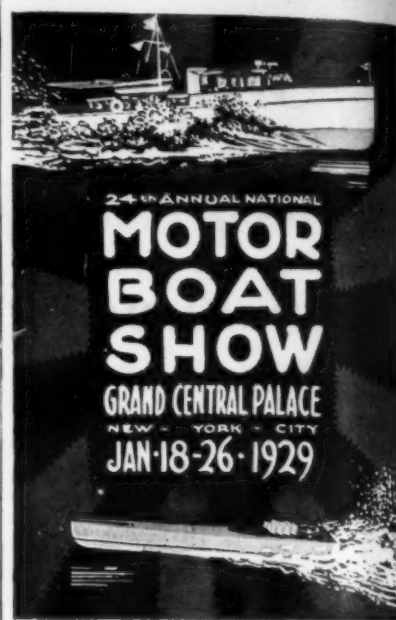
Miss del Rio is a wild Gypsy maiden who tames bears all day and still has so much pep left over that she longs for someone to "hate or love" in the evenings—which is another way of describing a vigorous gal in search of a boy friend. Flashing eyes and heaving bosom are employed rather extensively to put over the idea, and it must be admitted that Miss del Rio can flash and heave with the best of them. Naturally she has to be tamed by the bandit, and is, but I have seen lots more interesting tamings.

Here's hoping Miss del Rio's employers made a New Year's resolution to provide her with better material in the future.

See: The Viking, The Barker, The Singing Fool, The Patriot, Alias Jimmie Valentine, Interference, On Trial.



Unfortunately the only caddy left for Mr. Bumble was the office boy he fired yesterday.



## What Chance has a Septic Child ?

**I**T may not be his fault that he is dull and stupid in his classes, indifferent in his play. Septic children are all thus handicapped and frequently have unpleasant breath or body odors as well. Septic children are badly outclassed!

**Scolldings will not help.** Parents must recognize the cause, and correct their sluggish systems.

**The trouble is deep-seated.** Semi-constipation makes millions of systems septic—in children as well as grownups. There may be partial movements daily—but all the waste is not eliminated. The matter that remains poisons the system, tainting the perspiration and the breath, sapping the energy and stupefying the mind. Not a pleasant condition! But easy to correct. *Nature is signalling her need of a little calcium wafer!*

**If you are a septic,** soap and water will not solve the difficulty. Nor will any surface treatment neutralize unpleasant vaporings of the body, or the breath for any length of time.

**A few tiny calcium wafers**—and what a marvelous difference! Eyes bright! Mind alert! Quickened interest in studies, and healthy strenuous play! And how the appearance is improved: Skin healthily soft and silken! A naturally heightened color that nothing will remove! Just a few days' use of calcium wafers will work wonders for any septic.

**Perhaps you are a septic and don't know it.** This unpleasant condition comes on so gradually! A test of calcium wafers has fairly astounded thousands of men and women who thought they were perfectly healthy! Try them!

**—FULL BOX FREE—**

Enough for full test—ample to prove the startling value of Stuart's calcium wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., Dept. C1141.

Name .....

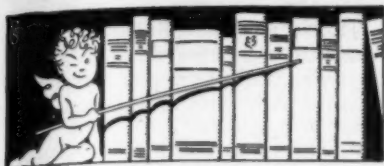
Address .....

Town .....

**At All Drug Stores: 10c or 60c sizes**

**Stuart's Calcium Wafers**





## The New Books

by  
Perry  
Gibbens

YOUR correspondent has never been one to wave any flags for the Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild. To me, their system of forcible feeding has savored too much of the public school, and Course Ia, Gen'l Literature; compulsory (5 points).

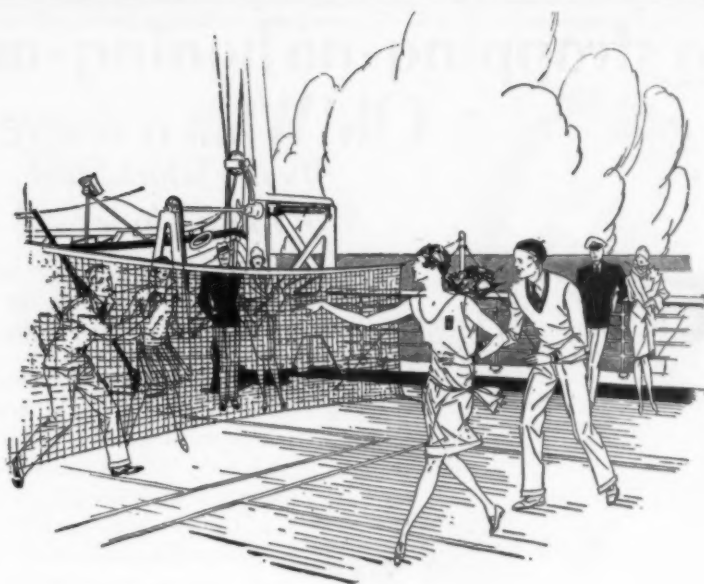
But any system which makes automatically available such memorable books as "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" has something to say for itself. And the selection of "Joseph and His Brethren" by the Book-of-the-Month Club and "The Magic Island" by the Literary Guild confirms my suspicion that these organizations know a good thing when they see it.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN (Henry Holt), by H. W. Freeman, is a solid and glowing novel of English rural life. Like the scene it depicts, the book is rich, heavy, and redolent of the soil. There is nothing gay about this biography of a farm, but there is a sense of accomplishment, of satisfaction, in following the struggles of the Geater family to gain and regain Crakenhill for their own.

When Benjamin Geater took it over, Crakenhill farm was a sullen, run-down lump of land that had ruined many men. It lay at some distance from the village, like a great beast, waiting to slowly overpower any tenant who put a plough to its unresponsive soil.

Old Benjamin tamed it. He, and his five sons and his wife. Then Crakenhill took his wife, and the housekeeper who replaced her, and Nancy Hambling came to live there, and cook, and wash, and scrub for Old Ben, the patriarch, and Ben, his eldest, and Bob, and Hiram, and Ernest and young Harry.

The boys fell in love with Nancy. She was young and healthy. For a while, she



## Why it pays to go to Europe in Spring

IF you must vacation in midsummer, see your steamship agent today and have him enter your name for a specific sailing.

But sail in the Spring, if you can—it's well worth it. No "peak-season" rush. More of the ship to yourself. Wider choice of accommodations. The nicest

sort of fellow travelers. Trains in Europe not nearly so crowded; hotels and resorts more truly European. And don't forget that your trip in the Spring is less expensive, too—lower rates everywhere.

Another suggestion: *when* to go is important; *where* to go is worth knowing.



too; but *how* to go ranks highest of all. Select your ship carefully—ask those whoknow—the travel-wise. Let them tell you about the famous meals served on board American ships; the unexpected luxuries; the attractive, home-like stateroom that you'll learn to love; the prompt service of

stewards who speak your own language. In short, *the American way*. If you're in a hurry, take the *Leviathan*, the world's largest ship—less than six days and you're there. For a more leisurely trip, the cabin ships, *George Washington*, *America*, *Republic*, *President Harding*, or *President Roosevelt*.

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

## United States Lines

FORTY-FIVE BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



"Lorna Doone! Imagine naming a book after a biscuit."

# "No stropping-no honing-and Oh! What a shave!! *It's the Schick Steel in those blades . .*"

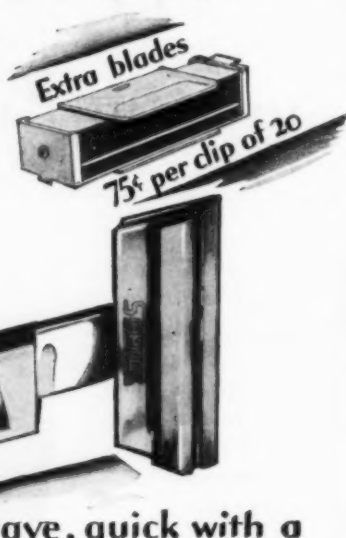


**THE STROPPING AND HONING ARE DONE RIGHT AT THE SCHICK FACTORY.**

After that—four to ten perfect shaves from each blade because Schick Steel holds its edge. It takes Schick Steel and the precision of Schick machines to produce the keenest shaving edge on Earth. Schick Steel—a new steel—and the Schick Razor are responsible for the amazing results all men get with a Schick. "It doesn't feel like it's shaving, but the beard's all gone."

There are six good reasons why you should have a Schick—1. Schick blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper—2. They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip—3. Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches face—4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced—5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger—6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time.

\$5 to \$50 according to the model you like. A trifle higher in Canada. A clip of 20 blades with each razor. Schick blades, hence same shaving qualities in all models. Ask for Schicks at any store where men trade. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.



## A smooth shave, quick with a Schick Repeating Razor

was queen of Crakenhill Hall. Then it was discovered that she was with child. Harry was blamed, until Old Ben announced that he, himself, was the father.

He named the baby Joseph, and there was talk in the village. But the old man was a law unto himself, and not until he felt like it did he drive into town and marry Nancy.

Crakenhill prospered. The boys grew to men, and little Joseph became their pupil.

One day, in a fit of rage, Benjamin, grown old and blind, fell on his face in the fields, and died there. His sons carried on. Crakenhill knew them, and continued to give forth its bounty. Until Nancy, in-

fatuated with a village idler, married him, and drove off the Geaiters. It was not long before Crakenhill had ruined Nancy and her husband too.

The Geaiters were able men. And patient. Years passed, and they were at Crakenhill again, with young Joseph, now a farmer himself.

Once more they mastered Crakenhill, and Crakenhill mastered them. At one time and another, each had tried to leave, and each had returned, content to remain. And now Joseph, in love with a town girl, makes his attempt.

But Crakenhill hangs fast to Joseph, and Daisy, his town girl, too. The cycle is com-

plete. The farm has won them again. "Joseph and His Brethren" left me thoughtful and satisfied, somehow better for having read it. I'm going to put it on the same shelf with Hardy—and read it again.

THE MAGIC ISLAND (Harcourt, Brace), by W. B. Seabrook, is the second book about Haiti to appear in recent months. Like John Vandercook's "Black Majesty," it deals with the black republic, but there the resemblance ceases.

Where Vandercook is chiefly concerned with the romantic history of Haiti, Seabrook is more interested in its soul. Vandercook recites the glories of the past; Seabrook looks for the mysteries of today.

"The Magic Island" is not the ordinary travel book, because Seabrook is not the ordinary tourist. He has a sincere curiosity,

## Fat Comes at Forty



## Fat Need Not Come

Science has found the reason why people grow fat. That reason lies largely in a defective gland. To some that trouble comes in early years, but to most people after 40.

A certain gland, which largely controls nutrition, becomes weak. Then food, which should go into fuel and energy, deposits itself in fat.

No starvation, no over-work, can rectify that condition. Both are harmful. The right remedy is to activate an under-active gland. Physicians the world over now employ it.

That is the method employed in Marmola prescription tablets. They are based on scientific research on the causes of excess fat. A famous medical laboratory perfected them. People have used them for more than 20 years—millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle—in new youth and beauty, new health and vitality.

Do what your friends are doing. Correct the cause of excess fat. Don't starve, don't over-work. Take four Marmola tablets daily and watch the delightful results. You must correct the cause.

Do this, because this is the scientific way. Results you get without it cannot last. Do it because multitudes of people, all about you, have proved its efficiency. Do it now. Every day of delay means that your life is not being lived at its full.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

and a natural sympathy for the weird and uncanny. Indeed, it is probably this susceptibility to mysticism which sent him down into Haiti in the first place.

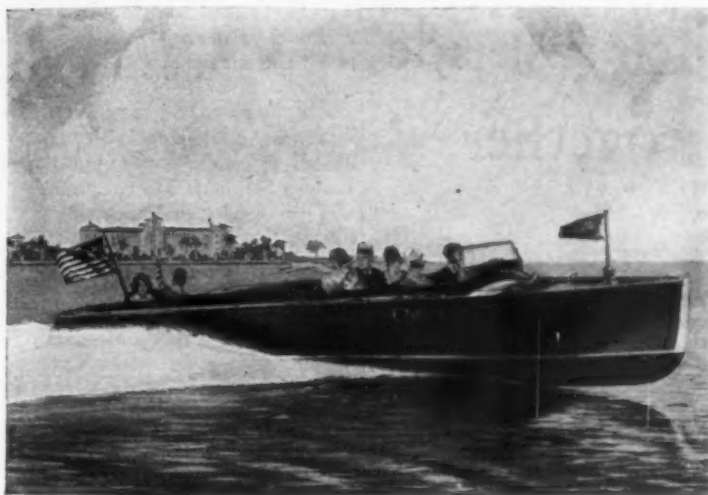
Seabrook is no woman's club adventurer. There is no attempt to astonish the young matrons, to horrify the old ladies. Even when he describes the blood rites of Voodoo, you feel that he is reporting things as he found them, without exaggeration or self-glorification.

Throughout the book, he pays much attention to Voodoo. But it is easy to say that he sees Haiti through Voodoo spectacles. Maybe Haiti is like that: somber, fascinating, coated thick with black mystery.

I enjoyed "The Magic Island" except for two things—the lack of a map with which to follow the author on his travels, and the revolting illustrations by Alexander King. To my mind, these are dreadful and obscene, thoroughly loathsome in their treatment of what the author presents so beautifully. I would like to know what Seabrook thinks of them. Maybe Haiti is like that, too...

### Recommended

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman—*Holt*... The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook—*Harcourt, Brace*... Wit's End, by Viola Paradise—*Dutton*... The Case of Sergeant Grischka, by Arnold Zweig—*Viking*... Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield, by Robert Benchley—*Holt*... Way for a Sailor, by Albert Richard Wetjen—*Century*... My Life Is in Your Hands, by Eddie Cantor—*Harper's*... Nights Abroad, by Konrad Bercovici—*Century*.



## SIXTEEN CHRIS-CRAFT MODELS FOR 1929



Whatever your boating needs may be, there is a Chris-Craft that will meet them exactly. With the busiest and most successful year of its history behind it, the Chris-Craft organization further emphasizes its international leadership by offering for 1929 a complete line of quality-built craft, each expressing three generations of priceless boat-building experience.

Smart, sturdy, easily handled boats for general family service at home or at your Summer residence! Open cockpit boats with or without one-man top! Fast, racy runabouts for the thrill-loving sportsman!

Snug, all-weather sedans that carry their passengers swiftly and comfortably to social or business engagements! A 38-mile-an-hour custom commuter that speeds business executives to and from their downtown offices or distant clubs! And most thrilling of all, a magnificent 38-foot, 30-mile-an-hour, vee-bottom cruiser that contains sleeping, eating and lounging quarters for an entire family.

Your local Chris-Craft dealer will be glad to show you the various models. See them at the New York Motor Boat Show, January 18th to 26th. Early orders secure preference in delivery. Deferred payments if desired. Free catalog describes all models.

**CHRIS SMITH & SONS BOAT COMPANY**  
201 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan  
New York Factory Branch:  
153 West 31st Street at 7th Avenue

16 models  
Runabouts & Sedans  
Commuters & Cruisers  
22 to 38 feet  
30 to 45 miles an hour  
8 to 22 passengers  
82 to 200 horsepower  
\$2235 to \$15,000



### The Cunarder CARONIA to HAVANA Every Saturday

The largest and fastest  
transatlantic liner  
in weekly service between  
**NEW YORK and HAVANA**  
From New York Every Saturday  
direct to pier in Havana

Famous transatlantic liner  
Caronia, 31,155 tons, newly  
remodelled with first-class service of Cunard's Transatlantic standards. Hot and cold running water in every room... all beds, no berths, many rooms with private baths. Glass-enclosed deck... charming lounges... verandah café... All at rates which only Cunard service merits. Advance hotel reservations in Havana. Special 13-day all-expense tours.

See Your Local Agent

**CUNARD  
HAVANA SERVICE**

# Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of  
All-Mahogany Motor Boats



## Their last ride together



THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, we'll tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

### LIMITED OFFER (for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

Dept. 92, Brown and Williamson  
Tobacco Corporation  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



# SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

## Service

THE TELEPHONE company has inaugurated a new department whose sole function is to tell patrons the correct time. You simply call 0000, or 1111, or something like that, and a cheery voice informs you that when you hear your nickel drop, it will be exactly ten and a half minutes after nine, Eastern Standard Time.

This service has proved so popular during the past few months that another department will shortly be created which will give information about the weather. This also costs a nickel—but who wouldn't rather spend a nickel now than be caught in a rainstorm ten little miles from town a few hours later? A nickel in time saves nine hats.

Perhaps the telephone company will do even bigger things in the future. Why not a Lost and Found department? Simply dial 7777 and ask the whereabouts of Ambrose Bierce: if they can't find him, the charge will cost nothing. Or ask the operator to tell Frankie that all is forgiven, and will he please come home?

Then, too, there might be some system whereby you ring Central three times and a bellboy brings up the ginger ale and ice. That would be real service.

And if the telephone company keeps on broadening its sphere of activity, they may even go so far as to install a special service whereby it will be possible for anyone to call up a certain telephone number and get it.

Norman R. Jaffray.

SWEET YOUNG THING: "Have a cigarette?"

ELDERLY WOMAN: "What! Smoke a cigarette! Why, I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!"

"So would I. But have a cigarette while you're waiting."—*Tit-Bits*.

FATHER: "It's a funny thing, but Bobby seems to eat twice as much chicken every time we have visitors."

MOTHER: "Why is that, Bobby?"

BOBBY: "'Cos that's the only time when we have chicken!"—*Passing Show*.



AFTER CRANKING IT 125 TIMES

WIFE: What ails it, Harvey?

FURNACE-TENDER: I think there must be a clinker in it!

When you throw  
a real party—  
serve

# Apollinaris

Your  
most fastidious guests  
will be first to observe  
that you wish them to  
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water  
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



## nurses know

Capable—and careful—the trained nurse administers our comfort. If there is pain, she gives a tablet to relieve it. That tablet is Bayer Aspirin. Experience has taught her it is quickest. The doctor has told her it's quite harmless. So it is safe to use in everyday life, any time you have an ache or pain. Take Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a headache, cold, neuralgia, etc. Don't wait until the suffering has become severe. Be sure, though, to get Bayer. There is only one genuine Aspirin.



# ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture  
of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

## She Wasn't Fishing

SHE: Awfully few people really have charm, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, I guess that's true.

SHE: I mean it's *one* thing to be attractive and all, but *charm* is something sort of *apart*, don't you really think it is?

HE: You said it.

SHE: I mean I don't think you can define it or anything, do you think you can?

HE: No, you're right.

SHE: And terribly few people really have charm.

HE: I guess that's so.

SHE: I mean I *actually* can't think of a girl I know who has charm.

HE: I guess darn few have it.

SHE: Well, I honestly can't think of one who *really* has, can you?

HE: Well, I can't think of anyone beside you.

SHE: Oh, *honestly*, my dear, you simply assassinate me! I wasn't *fishing*.

HE: I know you weren't.

SHE: Then why on earth do you say anything so ridiculous. I mean I'd give anything if I had charm but I just haven't a *bit*!

HE: You certainly have. I can't think of another girl who has but *you* have.

SHE: Oh, go *on*—you know you're just trying to kid me and I think it's awfully mean of you.

HE: I never was more serious in my life. If ever a girl had charm, you have.

SHE: I haven't, at all, *my dear*—but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

Lloyd Mayer.

## BEAUTY HINT

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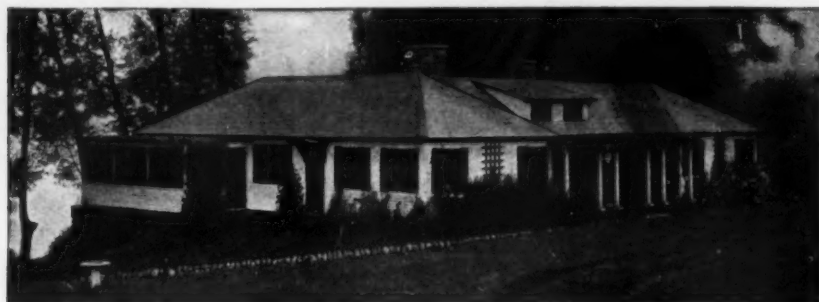
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George Mitchell.

## The Toastmaster

"LADIES and gentlemen, the next speaker needs no introduction. We are all of us only too familiar with his name and his good deeds. He comes to us this evening to tell us about his great work in a cause with which we are all of us only too familiar. I am sure I speak the thought that is in all our hearts when I say that I feel—er—that it is a very great honor to have so distinguished a man with us here this evening and that—er—his subject will be one very close to the hearts of all of us who are so greatly interested in the progression of humane enterprise. So—er—without further introduction, ladies and gentlemen, it is my great honor and privilege to—er—introduce to you at this time Mr.—er— (he leans over to ask the speaker his name) Mr. Oscar Blum, who has done us the great honor to come here tonight to speak to us on—er— (he leans over to ask the speaker what he is going to speak about) who is going to speak to us this evening on—er—"Civic Pride!!!"



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